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The Week

THE outlook for the World Court plan in the Senate is dark. The apparently unequivocal support of the President does not carry weight with Senator Borah, now in the strategic position of the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Borah, although declaring his firm adherence to the World Court principle, regards it as vital that the World Court should be divorced from the League of Nations. To effect such a divorce, he points out, would take time. There will be, however, very little time available in the present session after the appropriation bills have been disposed of, and Senator Borah believes that agricultural legislation has prior claim to consideration. It does not require prophetic foresight to predict what will happen to the World Court measure. It will be put over to the next regular session, when a prolonged struggle will be carried on between those who, like Borah, want a World Court divorced from the League, which no other nation at present wants, and those who favor the Harding-Hughes plan, denatured, probably, by still further reservations. In the meantime President Coolidge will continue to preach coöperation with Europe for peace, a coöperation which in fact will be limited to the opening of the American money market to European borrowers.

IN most respects President Coolidge's Republicanism belongs to the McKinley era, and in general to the old Federalist-Whig-Republican tradition, but in relation to one important matter he is affiliated with the school of Jefferson and Jackson rather than that of Hamilton, Henry Clay and their followers. The Federalists, the Whigs and the Republicans have tended to favor liberal appropriations for public improvements, and they were not disposed in general to be suspicious or parsimonious in passing on the expenditures of the government. It was a Republican, Thomas B. Reed, who, when a Republican Congress was reproached with appropriating a billion dollars, replied that the United States was a billion dollar country. The answer was typical of a certain exuberance, generosity and extravagance which has usually characterized the financial policy of the Republicans. Mr. Coolidge on the contrary, reverts to the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian shibboleth of setting up a presumption against any increased or novel expenditure by the government, but we doubt very much whether in this respect he represents the spirit of his party. Of course taxation has pressed much more heavily on the rich since 1917, but as soon as the super income tax rates are further lowered, as they will be in 1925, the people who manage the Republican party will be less interested in "economy" and in diminished governmental expenditure than they are now. They are used to spending money freely and even wastefully themselves. It will be a wrench to the habit of mind, created by their extravagant expenditures upon everything which they themselves desire, to remain loyal to Mr. Coolidge's mystic passion for frugality.

THE existing extravagance in American public expenditures is merely a reflection of extravagance in American private and personal finance; and in spite of Mr. Coolidge's best efforts the American government will never become even respectably thrifty until the budgets of American private businesses and family expenditures are submitted to a similar censorship. Americans are the most royally

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wasteful people in the world. That is, they are the richest and, as Mr. Coolidge proudly affirms, the happiest of all peoples. They are wasting their prodigious material resources. They are wasting human life. They are spending an amount of money on comforts and luxuries which can only be justified if they have inexhaustible fortunes to live upon. They are saddling business every year with an increasing load of fixed obligations which are easily carried so long as business expands, but which will be disastrous when, if ever, the limit is reached. They are extravagant, that is, because they think they can afford to be; and they will continue to be extravagant both in public and private expenditure until their supply of natural resources runs down, and they have to depend for their prosperity more on their own labor rather than the bounty of nature.

WHEN the President vetoed last spring the bill which increased the remuneration of postal employes, he accounted for his action by reasons derived chiefly from two sources. He alleged that the government could not afford the increase, but intimated that, if the revenue of the post-office department could be increased this objection might disappear. Recently the post-office has investigated its revenues and expenditures in order to "provide the basis for an intelligent consideration by Congress and the President of all questions related to the adequacy or inadequacy of postal rates." The results of this investigation are striking enough to be called sensational, and, so far as concerns the future policy of the department in adjusting rates, entirely decisive. It shows that the only remunerative branches of the business of the post-office are those of first class mail and postal savings. The government makes a profit of over $80,000,000 on the first class mail and over $45,000,000 on postal savings. On the other hand it loses almost $75,000,000 on second class mail, $16,000,000 on third class and approximately $10,000,000 each on its money order and registering services.

THE lesson of these figures seems clear enough. What the report indicates in effect is that the government charges the people who post ordinary letters (that is almost all the people in the United States) $80,000,000 more for the service than the service costs, and then uses this surplus chiefly for the purpose of subsidizing those special services from which a comparatively few people benefit. If Congress and the President propose to increase postal revenues in order to obtain the money needed to raise the remuneration of the postal employes to the level which private business pays for similar services, they have every reason to accomplish their purpose by a substantial increase in the rates for second and third class mail, for registering letters and for transmitting money through the post office. At present the government is taking at least $68,000,000 which in justice belongs to its employes and handing it to the few million people who use the second and third class mailing privileges. The government, that is, cannot afford to pay its postal employes the salaries to which they are entitled, but it can afford to make a present of an aggregate of $110,000,000 to the private interests who profit from the special services performed by the department.

THERE seems, consequently, to be a clear case for increasing the rates for second and third class mail and for charging an increased fee for registering letters and parcels and transmitting money. Above all there is a clear case for increasing the rates on second class mail. This service costs the government about $106,000,000 for which it obtains in return from the beneficiaries about $31,000,000. Thus the government subsidizes the newspaper and periodical publishing industry to the tune of $75,000,000 a year. This industry is carried on like any other industry, in order to make profits. The periodicals which it publishes are almost all enthusiastically in favor of Mr. Coolidge's policy of "rigid economy" in governmental expenditures and consider government subsidies to private business, particularly to the farmers, utterly deplorable. Now that the post office department has revealed the extent to which the government subsidizes their operations and increases their profits, at the expense of the postal employes, and the people generally, they will, we hope, coöperate with Congress and the President in increasing the rates for second class mail. When this reform was last suggested during Mr. Taft's administration, the newspapers and magazines assumed, we are sorry to say, a different attitude. They bitterly and successfully opposed the increase, but we trust that they will approach the matter now with a livelier sense of public responsibility. Let us wait and see.

HOW serious the Red plot in France really was we have no means of judging. No doubt the Communists were perniciously active. They always are. It is possible that they redoubled their activities, as they appear to have done in England on the eve of the elections, with a view to embarrassing the moderately socialistic government of M. Herriot, involved in a struggle with the Clericals. Communists the world over hold to the doctrine that moderate socialists, reforming democrats are their worst foes, to be downed by fair means or foul. It is uncertain whether the International at Moscow had anything to do with this flare-up in France, just as it is uncertain whether it had anything to do with the stirrings in England which helped defeat MacDonald. But Moscow has let itself fall into a position in which it is bound to be suspected as the instigator of disorders wherever they may arise. It has gloried in this position and assumed credit for disorders in which its part was infinitesimal.

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WHILE we believe that the dangers of Communist propaganda are invariably, purposely overrated by reactionaries and even liberals, we cannot regard the activity of the propagandists without impatience bordering on disgust. Communism has its ideal experiment station in Russia. It has absolute control over an immense, practically self-sufficing empire. For several years it has been left undisturbed by foreign powers. It is tolerated in international trade. Surely its first job is to begin to deliver the goods. What traveler, returned from Russia, reports any brilliant achievement in any field, intellectual, artistic, educational, technical? What official report of the Soviet government paints an alluring picture of life under the new order? It may be said that Russia is at a disadvantage because she is unable to raise a foreign loan, but this would be to give the case for Communism away. It would be to admit the paramount significance of capital as an agent of production. Either the Communistic régime should make good on its own resources or admit that the system is a pure experiment, worth watching but not worth emulating until time has proved its worth or worthlessness. In the meantime the Soviet government ought to invite the Communists of other lands either to migrate to Russia and help in the real work of constructing a Communist state, or to hold their peace until Russia can furnish them something to talk about.

THE German elections exhibit a popular drift directly the contrary of that of last spring. Then the movement was toward the extremes, the Communists and the Monarchists. Now it is toward the Center. The moderate republican parties, if they can agree on a program, will have no difficulty in organizing a government. This change in the political complexion of the country may be explained partly by the more decent spirit toward Germany evinced by France under Herriot, partly by a better realization of the folly of nationalistic dreams of resistance. Last spring it was widely believed that Germany had the arms and trained men to put up a brave fight. Now it is generally realized that Germany could not supply 200,000 men with the essentials of warfare for a longer period than two weeks. The consequence is that the Socialists, the most pacific of the German parties, have been the heaviest gainers in the election and will command an increased influence in the government.

THE realization of the futility of resistance was sufficient reason for the rejection of the Monarchists. It was not sufficient reason for the decline of the Communists. If the mood of the electorate had been prevailingly one of despair the Communists would have increased their strength. The present atmosphere of Germany is far from one of rosy hope, but it is by no means one of despair. The Dawes plan is now in operation, and the Germans have discovered that it is not being administered by ruthless fools bent on extracting the last mark from Germany at whatever cost. The redundant railway personnel is not being recklessly thrown into the sink of the unemployed. No pressure is being exerted for higher taxation; on the contrary, the German government now for the first time is able to reduce taxes without setting the wolves of the Allied press yelping for German blood. Employment is better than it has been since the mark was stabilized, and the outlook for a tolerable winter—though barely tolerable—is good. Some steps have been taken toward the evacuation of the Ruhr, and nothing has yet happened to indicate that France will go back on her promise to complete the evacuation by next August. Such considerations worked heavily for the moderate parties in the election. And the result shows clearly that if Germany is decently treated, the Republic will stand.

The Coolidge Gospel of Parsimony

IN my opinion," says President Coolidge in his message to Congress, "the government can do more to remedy the economic ills of the people by a system of rigid economy in public expenditure than can be accomplished through any other action." By "economy of public expenditure" Mr. Coolidge does not mean the systematic and intelligent attempt to secure five dollars worth in return for the expenditure of five dollars. He means the spending, if possible, of four dollars rather than five. He means, that is, parsimony. He illustrated his meaning by traveling to Chicago in an ordinary Pullman instead of a private car and so saving the government some $1700. He evidently estimated that the increased privacy, security and comfort which he could have obtained by the use of a special car or train was not worth $1700 to the American government. He ought to know. But apart from this admirable demonstration of his own sincerity, there remains to be considered a question of public policy. Is scrupulous parsimony in public expenditure the most effective contribution which the government can make to the welfare of the American people?

Let us consider for a moment the philosophy of Mr. Coolidge's dictum and its consequences, if carried out. His major premise apparently is that expenditure by the government is a necessary evil which conscientious officials should pare down in a spirit of sacred and sacrificial meanness. Wealth from this point of view is essentially private. It is productive chiefly when devoted to the satisfaction of individual wants or an increase of the volume of private business. In so far as the government takes it away from the business man, the property-owner or the wage-earner, it is diverting the economic resources of the country from productive to

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unproductive or comparatively unproductive purposes; and it is to that extent appropriating the actual or potential welfare of the whole people for the benefit of special services or groups of officials. Mr. Coolidge proposes consequently, to act as the watchdog of the Treasury. So long as he is President the presumption will run against all proposals to increase public expenditure. If the American people are afflicted with any "economic ills" at present it is because the government is depriving the people of too large a share of their possessions and earnings.

Mr. Coolidge's appeal for parsimony bears all the marks of sincerity and conviction. We are accustomed to politicians who, when their party is out of office, scowl fiercely at the large appropriations of their opponents and are vociferous in their praise of frugality, but who, once they themselves are responsible for the government, are almost as economical as a king's mistress. But Mr. Coolidge is preaching frugality to his own party after it has just elected him President for four years. He is a thrifty man himself who must dislike to surrender any part of his income in taxes to the government. In emphasizing the bad economy of public expenditure he in his own opinion is serving his huge constituency with the utmost possible efficiency. He will act consistently on his own advice. During his term of office he will suspect and probably prevent any proposal which involves increased appropriations and, consequently, almost any proposal which involves increased or better paid governmental activities.

In preaching this gospel Mr. Coolidge is capitalizing for the benefit of his political prejudice against positive governmental activities the popular dislike of high taxation and the popular suspicion of the tendency of politicians to be generous with the people's money. If he really had economy in mind and was able and willing to supply better services by the government to the American people at a smaller cost, he would, of course, occupy an impregnable position. The weakness of government is usually not that it is overpaying its officials or asking them to perform unnecessary or undesirable services, but that so frequently it does not obtain full return for its expenditure. Mr. Coolidge, however, is not engaged primarily in obtaining for the government more service at the same price or the same service at a smaller price. In spite of some phrases in his message to the contrary, he is, so far as one can infer from his words and conduct, chiefly occupied in preventing proposed expenditures without any fair and exact consideration of their actual economy. His savings, if he makes any, will not come from increased efficiency but from either diminished expenditures, irrespective of deserts, or diminished activities.

His most impressive demonstration in favor of "economy" up to date was his refusal last spring to sign the bill which increased at a cost of about $68,000,000 a year the pay of the postal employes. Yet it was clear that these hard working public officials were equitably entitled to the increase, and if he continues to prevent them from getting it, the effect of the refusal will be to give the clerks and other officials in the post offices a plausible excuse for discontent, for slack service and, if possible, for seeking employment from some more just or generous paymaster. The President would, in this particular case, have been more economical if he had been less parsimonious. It would have been wise economy, if necessary, to raise by taxation the sum needed to increase the pay of the postal employes. The American people would have been abundantly repaid for the surrender to the government of this amount of money by the improved service they would have obtained from the most important of their public utilities. The excellence of that service depends chiefly upon the creation and maintenance of a loyal and willing esprit de corps among the postal employes. Such esprit de corps has existed and still exists in some measure, but the President did what he could to destroy it; and unless his policy is reversed, the employes of the department will soon be thinking not of the best way to serve their employer but of the most inexpensive way for them to avoid service. The more energetic and capable men will find other employment. The less energetic and capable will hold their jobs with the intention of treating the government as shabbily as it has treated them.

Mr. Coolidge's passion for parsimony in public expenditures is born of his profound dislike of all governmental activities except those which tend to protect or increase individual wealth. His proclamation that the most effective course which the government can adopt to remedy the economic ills of the American people is to pare down its own expenditures is, if true, a damning indictment of any possible legislative and administrative activity on the part of the federal government for the purpose of social improvement. It implicitly denounces any attempt by the government to remedy economic and social evils which involves public expenditure. It is for all practical purposes an assertion that the only way collectively to remedy economic ills which afflict or may afflict the American people is to refrain from diminishing by taxation the capital and income which fall into the hands of private American citizens. This is private capitalism run mad, which the majority of Mr. Coolidge's own party will repudiate as soon as they understand what he is really driving at. They have always been more than willing to call on the government to accomplish those public and social purposes in which they are really interested, even though it does involve public expenditure for the purpose of remedying economic evils.

The logical result of Mr. Coolidge's policy of parsimony in governmental expenditure would be its abandonment of regulative and social activities which both federal and state governments are now conducting at a very heavy expense. For over

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a generation Congress and the state legislatures have attempted to cure economic "ills" by setting up commissions to regulate private business or by various mild and experimental attempts to serve social justice by legislation. All of this governmental activity tended to increase the expenditure of the government at the expense of business men and property owners. Mr. Coolidge does not propose to rescind this legislation, but he is setting up rules of public policy which, if they prevail, will justify him in refusing to approve any extension of such activities, and, of course, a method of social improvement which does not grow soon dies. When he declares that the best way for the government to cure economic evils is to cut down its expenditures, what he really means is that the best way for the government to cure economic ills is to let them alone. By temperament, experience and philosophy he is profoundly antipathetic to any officious interference with the existing mechanism of society. "This nation holds a position," he says, "unsurpassed in all former human experience," although at the same time he modestly disclaims the idea that during his administration "we can secure an era of perfection in human existence." Still why should the government spend the people's money in order to spoil the pattern of this almost perfect Commonwealth?

Why School?

WHENEVER the public schools are under consideration the matters which invariably engage our grave attention are the courses of study, the contents and the educational methods to which the schools are given over. Our gravity is justified. The custody and care of an entire generation is indeed a serious responsibility. But let us make no mistake about it: the nation has not been induced to turn its children over to the ministrations of the school authorities out of admiration for the pedagogical potency of their exercises. The children are sent to school because that is the place for children to be; questions of what is to be taught to them and how, arise afterward. By their primary function, the schools constitute a national day-nursery. We may rule that children are to be kept out of factories. In the same spirit we rule that children are to be kept in school. The gross effect of the two rules is essentially the same, but—and herein lies the importance of the public school—the prescriptive rule is far stronger than the prohibition.

The glee with which a large public has been chortling over the educational misfortune of Lita Grey is very instructive upon this point. Here is a young woman who is, perhaps, an accomplished actress. At all events she has met with a certain degree of success in her cinema career. Her professional attainments are now, however, eclipsed by a remarkable matrimonial achievement: she has married one of the wealthiest and most widely heralded moving picture actors in the world, Mr. Charles Chaplin. And now it develops that the accomplished bride is two years under the compulsory school age of the state of California. Her mother and all the other principals have conspired to falsify the public records in the matter of Miss Grey's age, but some busy-body has found her out. The school authorities are adamant: whatever her station in life, this child's education must be "completed." Accordingly she is mischievously portrayed for the amusement of the multitude painfully pursuing the elusive x across cryptic pages of algebraic formulæ. An amusing incongruity, no doubt.

But what the multitude is laughing at is not Miss Grey but algebra. Lita Grey is real; algebra is fictitious, a part of the long-forgotten busy-work of the national day-nursery. The moral of the piece is that when the mighty police power of the state is attached not to school-going but to intellectual content it immediately becomes ridiculous. You cannot make algebra a matter of compulsion.

This is not the official theory of the public school. In the national self-consciousness the schools take on a deep mystic significance as instruments of social progress. By education, by compulsory common education, it has been thought, we shall accelerate social evolution. Democracy, itself an organization not merely for the expression but for the uplift of the common people, has induced in us a belief in the possibility of general improvement by universal education. The horror of a democracy is illiteracy. Why? Because illiteracy is wedded in all our imaginations with the other mental attributes of peasantry. By the simple and obvious association of these various characteristics of serfdom, illiteracy, stupidity, stolidity, and so on, as causes and effects we have obtained the familiar and standard pedagogical dogma of democracy. To remove stolidity eliminate stupidity; to remove stupidity, eliminate illiteracy. To remove illiteracy, compel all children to go to school and "master" the three R's. The proposition attached by the federal Commissioner of Education to Illiteracy Day, of the recent Education Week, aroused much unfavorable comment. But his notion that illiteracy exposes its victims to the wiles of Bolshevik propaganda is only a negative statement of the established formula. The affirmative version of the Commissioner's "slogan" is that literacy protects its votaries from political fallacy and misadventure, a statement which very few respectable people have the temerity to deny.

Such claims as this, however, are usually made for "education." But literacy and education, however different they may be in emotional texture, are nevertheless substantially the same. Each word designates the product of schooling, one as it is referred to by commencement orators, the other as it is tabulated by statisticians. Education is what we expect of the schools, literacy what we achieve. The connotation of each acts as a distorting glass, one

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as the large, the other as the small, end of the telescope. Accordingly, the claims which proponents of social progress make seem justified when they are staked on education, preposterous when they depend simply on literacy. For whereas literacy is nothing more than the ability to read and write, education seems to connote a familiarity with the truth. If this discrimination could be maintained in practice, no doubt the millennium would supervene immediately. But alas, to teach the truth it is necessary to know it!

What the schools actually do is to convey to pupils what the teachers think they know, and this process, taken in the large, is simply the familiar one, observable throughout all the parts of all civilizations, of cultural reproduction. All cultures are self-propagating, and in the nature of the case schools can be nothing more than a medium for the transmission of the accumulated lore from one generation to the next. Their knowledge will be the knowledge of the ruling generation, their wisdom the wisdom of the elders then alive. In the end, therefore, the case of the schools is practically that of the printed word itself: each is a medium through which civilization, such as it is, can circulate. The schools, like the printing presses, transmit not culture but a culture.

Going to school, then, is of a piece with reading. Indeed, that is what it consists of, chiefly, reading and writing, including the use of the elementary symbols of mathematics. This is the national standard of education and of literacy: everyone must go to school, everyone must read and write.

But there is, in addition, the "school age." We do not dismiss the children from school the moment they have reached the minimum degree of proficiency in the use of the common medium. On the contrary, we exercise the police power to compel them to remain in school for a number of years. Why? The answer is to be found, as one would expect, embodied in the definition of the requirement. Do we require them to reach a certain level of cultivation? Certainly not. Our examinations are standardized over wide areas, so that a given rank in one school means precisely the same as the identical rank in another school hundreds of miles away. Technically, we are well equipped to enforce upon all children the attainment of a standardized minimum of knowledge or proficiency. But in fact we make no such attempt. What we do require is that children shall remain in school until they have reached a certain age. What we wish to exact is not proficiency but presence. The school is a place of salubrious confinement.

The distinction is significant. We enforce literacy because we can. All elections being conducted on paper, we can make literacy a qualification for citizenship, and we do, accordingly. The standard can be maintained without risk of the revolt of the mass of the electorate because the mass of the electorate is literate anyhow. But this condition does not obtain in the case of algebra, to say nothing of higher forms of learning. The community as a whole cannot possibly compel their acquisition because the community as a whole does not qualify. The disciplinary authorities of the schools can exert a certain intra-mural pressure; they can assign punitive tasks and threaten or actually withhold promotion. But these measures are effective exactly as far as they are reinforced by the general social pressure of families and friends. This pressure must obviously weaken progressively from grade to grade. For a numerical majority of all pupils it has wholly evaporated before the last grade of the grammar school is reached. Upon a college senior discipline rests so lightly as to be scarcely perceptible at all, whereas social pressure is nothing more than the vague expectation of a diploma.

No one need regard this situation with horror and loathing; it is perfectly inevitable, like the weather, and upon rational consideration no more disagreeable. It does mean, of course, that no standard of education much above bare literacy can be universalized in our civilization. But no such standard has ever been established or even seriously proposed. It also means that school rank is no sure guarantee of anything but proficiency in attaining school rank. This, also, is inevitable. The outraged intellectuals who start up from time to time in hysterical dismay over "discovering" that college graduates subsist chiefly on an intellectual diet composed of those magazines which are most kindly described as advertising media can always be comforted by the assurance that this is not a phenomenon of decay. The parents of these successful graduates read nothing better, nor their associates in professional and social life. In short, we may take comfort from the reflection that schools have not altered civilization. Throughout history, culture has been transmitted in primary groups, by personal contact and the pressure of direct compulsion. If the public school has not changed this, we are at least no poorer.

Probably things will never be different. If the general cultural level is raised, that will probably come about not by legislation and administrative arrangement but by the spread of educational infection from local nuclei. An increase in the relative size of the professional classes, for instance, would have precisely this effect.

Confinement in the public schools, though it will serve this process, can never of itself bring it about. The question remains to be answered, therefore, why school attendance is obligatory upon the whole population to an age that bears no relation to the only enforceable standard of literacy. This is a question not of pedagogy but of statecraft. School compulsion is a fine democratic gesture. Learning can not be enforced; but at least the state can stand between its children and adversity, and herein lies the travesty of the compulsory school law as enforced against the bride of the Chaplin millions. In this

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latest Chaplin comedy the clown is the truant officer. The vital function of the school law is to keep children in a school-room who would otherwise be in a factory. That is all the school law can do; but it can do that most effectively. Where a factory act forbids, the school law prescribes. Obligatory education has no justification in the extravagant presumption that the national level of literacy can be greatly modified by legislation. But it is abundantly justified by the fact that for those children for whom compulsion is necessary school is far and away the best place to be, whatever their intellectual ambitions. The whole case for the school law could not possibly be put more sharply than by its substitution for the pending child labor amendment. Such a substitution would clear away all the cobwebs of sophistry that have been spun about the child labor measure, and present to the nation the clear alternative: schools, or factories?

Mellon the Tax Reformer

WHATEVER else may be said in criticism of Secretary Mellon's report, there is no hypocritical pretence of democratic idealism in it. It is a document written by the rich, for the rich. "The problem before us now is not so much one of tax reduction as of tax reform." Tax reform—a multitude of strange notions has advanced under this banner. Secretary Mellon is the first financier in history to apply it exclusively to the detaxing of the rich. Our revenue system collects $860,000,000 through the individual income tax, mostly from the more prosperous classes. It collects $560,000,000 through the customs, largely from the less prosperous. If we add to the sums actually collected by the customs the sums which the tariff enables the beneficiaries of protection to collect for their own profit, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the customs burden is far the heavier. Yet the idea does not occur to Secretary Mellon, tax reformer, to propose even a pruning of tariff excrescences.

Only the income tax-payer finds a place in Secretary Mellon's heart—only the large income tax-payer. The cardinal point in his reform is the reduction of the surtax. This, he holds, should not exceed twenty-five percent. "In all probability," he asserts, "even this is too high." A total maximum of fifteen percent—that is, nine percent surtax in addition to the normal tax of six percent—might, he thinks, be too low for maximum yield. He does not argue this point with conviction, and no one who observes the evolution of his policy will doubt that he would like to try a surtax of nine percent or less, if Congress would let him. For is not any surtax, in Secretary Mellon's eyes, a penalty on success?

Next to the surtax, the part of our fiscal system most needing reform, as Secretary Mellon sees it, is the estate tax. This tax, at present rates, he conceives as confiscatory. Here again it is only the higher reaches of the tax that concern him. The rates on moderate estates under a hundred thousand dollars are lighter than in any other industrial country.

Finally, he would end the frightful scandal of publicity of income tax returns. It drives men of large fortunes to invest in tax-exempt securities, in order to conceal their incomes. The Secretary might have found an easy solution for this difficulty: require reports on exempt as well as taxable income. But a man who is animated by a principle can not be expected to dally with irrelevant solutions. The principle is a clear one. Let the individual build as great a fortune as he can, unimpeded by taxes on wealth, either on incomes or estates, and let him do it out of sight of the prying, envious eyes of the public.

The character of Mellon's tax reform is clear; the arguments with which he supports it leave much to be desired. He still thinks that the reason why the taxable incomes of $300,000 a year dwindled from $1,000,000,000 in 1916 to $365,000,000 in 1922 was that these taxpayers put their money into tax exempts. This would mean that capital worth $12,000,000,000 had undergone this transformation into tax exempts, of which the total volume now outstanding, according to the Secretary's own report, is $13,284,000,000. But everybody knows that a great part of these tax exempts are held by savings banks, insurance companies, by trustees for estates and by persons of moderate means. This discrepancy between the capacity of the available tax exempts to accommodate refugee capital and the amount of capital that appears to have escaped has been repeatedly called to Secretary Mellon's attention. But what is mathematical logic to a man of principle? Neither does a man of principle need to make any allowance for the fact that 1916 was a year of inflated war profits and 1922 a year of depression. Nor does he have to explain why he does not present for comparison the figures for 1923 or even 1924, not yet made public but accessible to the Secretary of the Treasury. The later figures would have nicked the edge of his comparison.

Besides the argument from tax dodging, Secretary Mellon employs the argument of diffusion of the burden through increase in living costs, an argument which has no leg to stand on, in theory or in experience. It serves, however, as a peg to hang a new danger on, the danger of our falling behind in the competition with the European nations, miraculously restored to efficiency by the Dawes plan. "If we are to compete successfully abroad, we must be sure that our taxation system does not put too heavy a handicap upon our industry and trade." Of course our taxation system does this very thing. It does it, however, not through the supertax Mr. Mellon proposes to reform away, but through the customs duties he does not think of touching. We cannot sell abroad unless we are willing to take goods in payment. Every obstacle we place in the way of

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receiving payment for our exports is an obstacle to exportation, a handicap in competition with other industrial countries.

Secretary Mellon's logic is at its worst in his attempt to show the destructiveness of the estate tax. "It is obvious that if the Government . . . were to take 50 percent of every estate, small or large, and if on the average in the course of a generation, a man could not double his inheritance, there would be a depletion of the capital within the country and ultimately nothing would be left to tax." The government does not take fifty percent of all estates, nor is it likely ever to do it. But suppose it did. A moneyed estate, at the modest rate of four percent, compounded, will quadruple itself in a generation. It could be kept intact, in spite of such depletions through taxation, and besides contribute considerable revenues for expenditure. It is true that estates are less likely to be kept intact, generation after generation, if they are heavily taxed. But no democratic state can afford to tolerate the perpetuation of great estates. If the present taxes are not heavy enough to break them up, we need heavier taxes.

Estates are capital, and there are sound reasons why they should not be consumed in current expenditure, either by thriftless heirs or by the government. But this consideration does not militate against the principle of the estate tax, but only against the practice of covering the receipts from such taxes into the general treasury. They should be held as an investment fund, administered like any other trust fund. If this practice were followed, Secretary Mellon's other objection to the tax would fall away. He points to the possibility of depreciation of securities in an estate that becomes subject to the tax, when the public executor throws large blocks upon the market under the conditions of a forced sale. Such securities could be held in the government trust fund until a convenient opportunity arose for disposing of them.

It is, however, futile to dwell too long on the details of Secretary Mellon's argument. It is only a by-product of his social philosophy, and not an important by-product. Secretary Mellon's philosophy is that of his class, the men who have utilized the opportunities of American economic expansion to pile up huge private fortunes for themselves. Because they have built up these fortunes under the law, have managed them capably and have often bestowed their fruits generously on enterprises for the public benefit these men conceive that only the envious and stupid could desire a check upon the accumulation of private fortunes. And if the building and perpetuation of great fortunes is incompatible with democracy, they feel that democracy is an outworn ideal, unfitted to the times.

The results of the last election appear to Secretary Mellon as proof that his philosophy is acceptable to the American people. But men voted for Coolidge for a thousand different reasons. It is rash to assume that a majority of them were animated by the logic of plutocracy. If Secretary Mellon induces Congress and the President to act upon this assumption, those who voted for Coolidge will have no just ground of complaint. Those who did not vote for Coolidge will be glad that the issue has been so clearly drawn.

And Who Is My Neighbor?

PERIODICALLY certain sections of the population of the United States are overcome by characteristic disturbances of feeling. The disturbances seem to arise upon the contact and pressure of racial or religious groups and economic classes with one another, and appear to be a phase of the subsequent readjustment of the pattern of the community. When a disturbance of this kind arises, relief from it is usually sought in some form of organization with high-sounding objectives and, very often, low practices. Resort is frequently had to legislation. Much comfort is extracted from the production of an extensive literature which projects the disturbed feelings and rationalizes them by means of a system of ideas that vindicate the status whose shaking the disturbance expresses.

The United States is just now passing through a period in which all these phenomena are apparent. The factory system has spread to the south and the west. It is there disturbing the traditional economy of agriculture. Its development in the east has been facilitated by a great importation of cheap immigrant labor. This has led to the multiplication and expansion of cities and the exacerbation of urban evils. The points of contact between city and country, native and newcomer, old settler and new inhabitant are foci of dislocation and readjustment. From these foci there has spread over the country a general anxiety and uneasiness. Those are manifested in the compensatory organization of the Ku Klux Klan, in the peculiarities of immigration laws, in the many rationalizing books from the pens of such writers as Stoddard or McDougall. The latter extrude and depersonalize the anxiety and uneasiness, thus converting them into a program of salvation, by means of such terms as race, nationality, culture and religion. The stuff in books of this kind is exactly the same as that of the uncritical popular ideas of race, nationality, religion and culture. In the populace, these ideas are precipitates and consequences of its disturbances of feeling. In the books, they are rationalizations and justifications of their correlative emotions under the semblance of "science."

Now such ideas are what we usually call prejudices. What people experience and live through is a very small portion of what they think and feel about. Our prejudices are conversant with the matters we talk about but do not experience and live through. We acquire the prejudices before we have any experience with the matters; and once we have

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acquired them they impart their own color and quality to the matters when we do experience them, so that they prevent us from realizing the matters as they are in fact. Prejudices are the logical or intellectual aspects of our attitudes toward possible experiences. These attitudes are the ways in which people react to life. They are the forms in which we respond to men and things and they greatly influence the manner in which men and things affect us. Most of our attitudes we acquire automatically and unconsciously. They begin in infancy, and they come to us by way of social contagion and personal suggestion. Their toughness and durability is what makes much of the continuity of character; the events of adult life modify them but little. Here those few that appear to have been entirely transformed will show themselves, during emotional disturbances, as persisting with intense vitality. Directed toward people and objects of which there has been little or no experience, their actual objectives are words. These touch them off and establish beforehand how the objects to which they are applied shall be known and felt.

A large proportion of the popular books on race questions are systematic elaborations of such predetermining attitudes. Naturally, men and women of conscience and conscientiousness wish to offset as completely as possible the bias of both the elaborations and the attitudes that initiate them. They wish to get at whatever realities "race," "nationality," etc., stand for, without prejudice, in the spirit of scientific fair play, of tolerance and good will, which are the heart of neighborliness.

This is far from an easy task. Next to a fundamental shake-up of the emotions, only the persistent attrition of experience can effect a thorough and lasting transformation of attitude during the course of the daily life. Its modification by study, by taking thought, by conscious direction, is an endeavor of almost heroic significance. Yet, if chance and fate are to be mitigated a little by intelligence, and life's unnecessary evils removed, nothing less can be required.

The appeal to intelligence, we take it, is the ideal that animates those groups of Americans who believe that Christian ethics are to be practised as well as professed, particularly in an industrial civilization. Associated together as the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life, they have put into the field a number of commissions that are engaged in the direct and empirical study of group contacts—in industry, in business, in the neighborhood. The contacts are observed and recorded as they occur. The records are then made the basis of discussion. Instruction in the technique of discussion has been provided in a pamphlet prepared by the foremost expert in the field.* No solutions are offered to begin with. The basic assumption of every inquiry is that solutions are eventual, that knowledge must come first. "Before we are ready with praise and blame, with warning and advice," says the Outline for the Study of Race Relations in America, "we must know exactly what we are up against; and that requires not only careful analysis of each individual problem but also a deeper understanding of the similarities and dissimilarities of situations that contain problems." Solutions are to come in further studies, after analysis has been accomplished and understanding attained by means of discussion developed through questions raised regarding the records in hand.

The study outline produced under the title And Who Is My Neighbor? by the Commission on Race Relations is the most admirable thing of the kind we have seen to date. It is a case book on group contacts in the United States. It is nearer to the experiential realities it deals with than anything else in the field. It communicates something of the stuff of their life. The reader will find in it a simple, direct and clear collection of specific instances of the traditional attitudes toward other groups than one's own set off by various stimuli. He will learn how physique, cult, language, culture, social status and so on, influence behavior. He will read of the operation of attitudes in courts, city halls, shops, factories, hotels, schools, restaurants, railroad cars, theatres, parks and churches. There is hardly a mode or condition of group contact which will not be represented by a typical example.

And concerning all of these contacts the reader will find raised fundamental questions as to what is really there and what is simply attitude; what is really there and what is simply attitude when Americans of various dates and origins—Yankee, Southern, Polish, Negro, Italian, Jewish, Chinese, Japanese, Swedish, German, Dutch, Mexican, etc.,—are variously confronted with the necessity of living together. The impartiality and objectivity of the actual instances are worth a thousand volumes of argument and persuasion. The reading of the Outline and use of the discussion it enables cannot fail to awaken, to stimulate and to enlighten any group or class that wishes to found its attitude toward other groups or classes on realities.

* A Coöperative Technique for Conflict.

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Is the Chautauqua a Free Platform?

> If our civilization is to become an instrument for the betterment of man, it must be tolerant of divergent opinions, and let them find public expression to the end that good, not evil, may survive to guide and help us to an ultimate goal.

SO wrote Colonel E. M. House to the president of the International Lyceum Chautauqua Association in August last, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the first Chautauqua Assembly. And in the same vein wrote Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy of Yale University, as follows:

> The success or failure of a Democracy depends on public opinion. The chautauqua movement has probably done more toward keeping American public opinion informed, alert and unbiased than any other movement. The press has come to be regarded, like advertising, as warped by special interests. The pulpit is restricted as to subject matter and manner of treatment. The moving picture screen is for the future and offers possibilities as yet unknown for good or ill. But the chatauqua platform has kept above suspicion as the greatest agency of popular education.

Splendid ideals of a free platform, these. Are we really realizing them? The chautauqua is the American people's summer school. The lyceum is their winter night school. Literally millions of our adult population attend these institutions and depend very largely upon them for their information and education on public problems. Next to the press, the chautauqua and the lyceum are perhaps the most potent of our educational institutions.

Most people are quite unaware of the extent and importance of the service of these institutions. There are a score or more of really large chautauqua and lyceum organizations that serve from several hundred to a thousand cities, towns and villages, and probably several hundred smaller ones. The size and sweep of the service of these institutions are suggested by a statement made by one of the "talent" recently to the effect that if one lecturer or company should keep going continuously it would require five years to cover the entire field of one of the larger of the systems.

The opportunities to reach the public afforded by the chautauqua and lyceum are tremendous. And this fact has not escaped the notice of the private interests who depend so largely upon a favorable public opinion. The temptations that have been placed in the way of the managers of the chautauqua and lyceum systems, to allow their programs to be influenced and subsidized, must have been very great in the past. The fact that up to the present time the chautauqua and lyceum platform has been able to maintain so fair a reputation for free and untrammelled utterance reflects great credit upon the men who manage them.

However, we have a bit of recent history in this field that is interesting and significant.

The Public Ownership League of America is a non-partisan organization of public spirited American citizens and organizations who have a very decided conviction that the natural resources of the country—water-power, coal, oil and gas—should be carefully conserved and utilized for the development of a great publicly owned electric super-power system. The league feels that the great mass of the American people are wholly unaware of the tremendous importance of the power situation and of the advantages of public conservation, development and control. It is therefore extremely anxious to utilize every means of publicity to get its message to the American people. So naturally it has endeavored to get its speakers onto the chautauqua and lyceum platform.

In the course of its efforts in this direction it finally succeeded in getting Mr. Keith Vawter, the manager of one of the largest and best established chautauqua systems in the Middle West to attend one of its conferences held at Toronto, Ontario, in the early fall of September, 1923. The conference gave him a three days' opportunity to see the most significant public super-power system on the continent in actual operation and to study first hand the actual results of the system. He was so impressed by this demonstration and by the interesting discussion of the whole subject in a special issue of The Survey that he finally contracted with the present writer for a lecture on public super-power to be delivered at 103 chautauquas on one of his several circuits.

And then astonishing things began to happen. Six weeks before the chautauqua engagement opened, one of the leading daily newspapers in the territory to be covered, published a long column and a half editorial denouncing me as a socialist, a false prophet, an intellectual failure, preacher of "an empty, futile and discredited economic and political theory" and a companion of those who sought to overthrow the American government. Moreover, the editorial also inveighed against the chautauqua and its manager for imposing upon the patrons of the chautauquas by sponsoring such a purveyor of false and dangerous doctrine. "No matter how wild or impractical a scheme or an idea may be," reads this amazing editorial, "its sponsors can count with considerable confidence on obtaining a hearing on chautauqua platforms, with the blessing of some chautauqua agency or other."

Now if this one editorial in one paper had been all the opposition that had appeared in the district, one could easily have dismissed it as the unwarrant-

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ed attack of a narrow-minded editor. But it was only the opening gun of what seems to have been a systematic, deliberately planned and well executed campaign by the private power interests that kept up throughout the entire summer.

Articles and communications along the line of the one described above obviously intended to discredit the lecture and prejudice the minds of the people against the lecturer and his message in advance of his coming were mimeographed, multigraphed or otherwise manifolded and sent to many and probably all of the cities where the lecture was to be given. Furthermore, a definite and determined effort was made to stop the lecture entirely. Local officials of the chautauqua were importuned to take me off the program. The platform managers who represented the chautauqua system were interviewed and told that I must not be allowed to speak. And in many cases these men made no secret of the fact that they were acting at the request of local representatives of the power companies, and that the local company was acting under orders and information "from headquarters."

Failing in their efforts to stop the lecture by appeals to the local and platform managers, the opposition then carried their case up to Mr. Vawter, the general manager of the chautauquas himself. Telephone calls, telegrams and letters poured in upon him. Representatives, attorneys and finally the leading representative of the organized power companies of Iowa sought interviews insisting that this lecture be stopped. About the middle of July, when we were finishing in Iowa and soon to enter the state of Missouri, a delegation of five to six men representing the private power companies of Missouri journeyed all the way to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to see Mr. Vawter and, if possible, to prevent this lecture from being delivered in Missouri.

Commercial and civic clubs were in some cases prevailed upon to pass resolutions against my appearing on the chautauqua program. Communities were canvassed asking people to write to the chautauqua management protesting against the lecture. At Hampton, Iowa, June 8, early in the second week of the engagement, the president of the chautauqua association of that city called on me personally to say that the local manager of the private power company had seen him and insisted that I should not be allowed to speak. At Albert Lea, Minnesota, where I spoke on June 14, a representative of the power company had a call in for me at the hotel, but failed to get me. He finally succeeded in catching Mr. Vawter instead. He was trying to get my lecture stopped. Finally at St. Cloud, Minnesota, June 20, the companies succeeded in preventing my lecture from being given. This city is the headquarters of the Northern States Power Company which serves many cities in that section. The local chautauqua committee, it was said, was made up largely of the stockholders of the company who were the heaviest guarantors of the program. The chairman of the committee was the general manager of the company. Upon my arrival in town the platform manager called upon me and explained the situation, saying in substance that the local committee positively refused to pay their guarantee, although they were under contract that could have been enforced by law, and declared that they and their city would have nothing to do with the chautauqua henceforth and forever — Amen — if this man Thompson were allowed to speak. I did not speak in St. Cloud. Not this time.

There was one other town where my lecture was stopped. This was at Edina, Missouri, July 28. The situation there was interesting. In Edina, it seems, a private company had a contract to supply electric service. It was not altogether satisfactory. The contract had expired and the company was seeking a ten-year renewal extension. Many of the citizens were opposed to extending the franchise and favored starting a municipal plant. The matter was going to referendum a few weeks after the date of the lecture. Representatives of the company knew exactly what the lecture contained, for stenographic reports had been taken repeatedly by the power companies and transcripts sent on in advance. A local spokesman of the power company, an ex-preacher-politician, took the floor at a meeting of one of the commercial clubs and recited the long stereotyped story about my dangerous career and desperate character, and presented and railroaded through a resolution against allowing me to speak in Edina. I did not speak. And a few weeks later the company got its contract.

In this connection it should be noted that none of the criticisms of the lecture had anything whatever to do with the truth or the importance or the value of the message. In fact, no attempt was made at any time, at any of the chautauquas all summer long, by any of the private power companies or their representatives to question or criticise the subject matter or material of the lecture or to deny its truth or tremendous importance. And this in spite of the fact that the chautauqua management carried the standing announcement that after every lecture an open forum would be conducted in which every one who had any question or criticism would be given full opportunity to be heard; and in spite of the further fact that at the close of every lecture, the speaker not only gave an opportunity for questions and discussions, but earnestly invited them.

The lecture on public super-power, while not at all in the "Mother, Home and Heaven" class, was nevertheless popular enough with the people and especially so with the city officials and those interested in civic progress. Of the 103 cities in which this lecture was given, forty-three or well on toward one-half of them, own and operate municipal light and power plants. Practically every one of these cities was struggling to maintain its plant; nearly

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every one of them had encountered persistent efforts on the part of private corporations to buy out or drive out of existence or in one way or another get the plants away from them and in practically every case the cities were making a determined and, in most cases, a successful effort to maintain their plants.

Besides these forty municipally owned plants there were also several cities that had already started movements for municipal plants and one or two others that had recently had their plants sold out to the companies under conditions and on terms that had incensed the citizens who were only waiting an opportunity to retrieve their loss. In all of these communities a lecture on public super-power was in friendly territory and the lecture was welcomed as a very definite contribution to the community interest and general welfare. And besides, in a great many of the cities served by private power companies there was more or less dissatisfaction with the service and rates, and a very general interest in learning what other cities were doing, of better, more efficient and more economic methods of producing electric current and especially of the public super-power system as against the private monopoly system.

Moreover, in South Dakota, in which eight of these chautauqua lectures were given, a movement for state ownership and development of super-power has been under way for several years. A survey of the hydro-electric possibilities on the Missouri River in South Dakota had been made in 1920-21 and a proposition to proceed with state development had gone to referendum vote in 1922. Although the measure was defeated at that time, the sentiment in favor of such development has been steadily growing and the interest in the subject was very intense at all points in that state.

So it came down to this: that it was only the private power companies that were raising all the opposition and making all the fuss.

Why all this persistent and pernicious activity to stop a chautauqua lecture? What dangerous and dreadful doctrine so aroused the power companies?

Two-thirds of the lecture, in fact, all of that part which dealt with super-power was the very thing the power companies themselves are proclaiming in their literature, at conferences, on the platform and otherwise throughout the world. They cannot repudiate their own gospel. But of course the super-power they are promoting is private super-power—a private monopoly. We, on the other hand, are promoting *public* super-power. And there is the rub. It was that part of my lecture that recounted the achievements of the government and municipally owned power plants and systems and particularly the striking success of the public super-power system of Ontario and the tremendous possibilities of a similar system if initiated and developed here in the United States that alarmed and aroused the private interests.

But, brethren, if the city of Tacoma has found a way to deliver electric service to its people for one cent a kilowatt hour for cooking and heating in their homes, while others pay six or eight, is there any reason why Tarkio and Trenton should not hear about it? If Cleveland has found a way to deliver electricity to its people for three cents a kilowatt while others pay nine, is it a crime for Chillicothe and Corning to hear about it? And if Ontario has discovered and applied the principles of a new system in the electric power field whereby a whole state is served with power at one-third the cost elsewhere, must the very foundation stones of our abused republic be torn up rather than allow Osage, Onawa and Odeboldt to find out about it?

And what becomes of our boasted free platform and the intellectual and civic leadership of the chautauqua and lyceum if at the beck of a few powerful private interests a lecturer must emasculate his message or step down from the platform?

Are the private power companies willing to have it known that the discussion of public super-power has been driven from the platform at their command? Are they willing to have it known that so far as they are able and in respect to their particular field, there shall be no such thing as a free platform in this country?

One question more—and this addressed to those fine spirits of the lyceum and chautauqua world who have brought these institutions to their present point of development, and won for them the high esteem and confidence of the general public which they now enjoy: Can the managers of the chautauqua and the lyceum of America afford to leave this subject of public super-power off their programs? Now that the private power companies of the country have so openly and so vehemently decreed that this subject shall not be heard, can the chautauqua refuse it a hearing without thereby awakening a suspicion that they too have succumbed to the control of "special interests" and thus at once endanger the high esteem and confidence upon which their further success and growth depend?

Public super-power is now a local, a state and a national issue of first magnitude. It is even an international problem. It has already been fought out to a conclusion in thousands of cities. It is at stake and goes to referendum vote in two great states this fall—California and Washington. It is one of the most crucial issues in Congress now. It has been thrust into the field of national politics already; and from now on it will become more and more a vital, strategic and a paramount issue in every local, state and national movement. Will we be able to find a means of public expression of this great subject on the chautauqua and lyceum platform, or must we look elsewhere; or, perhaps create some agency of our own for getting this message to the people of America?

CARL D. THOMPSON.

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The Powder Mine in India

INDIA is far away. Few Americans go there; our newspapers give little space to happenings in such a remote quarter of the globe. It is difficult for us to realize that political developments among the people of India may have an important bearing on our own future; yet the most earnest students of Oriental affairs assure us that this is not only probable but certain.

It has become the tritest of truisms to say that the theatre of world events in the future will be the Pacific Ocean, as it has been the Atlantic in the recent past, and the Mediterranean before that. The keynote to the future of the Pacific is the attitude of Asia; and today Asia is in a state which is not far from open revolt against the white man and his Western civilization. In Japan, this takes at the moment the form of bitter resentment against the United States for our new immigration law, and against Australia for keeping idle and empty a continent capable of supporting one hundred million people but occupied by a scant six million Englishmen. In China, the same fires of fanatical, semi-religious hatred for the foreign devil which provoked the Boxer uprising are not far below the surface, and might perhaps have flared out before this had China not been preoccupied with problems of internal unity and the struggle against Japanese exploitation (that exploitation being a copy of the best, or worst, Western European model). The whole Mohammedan world, as represented by teeming millions in Asia Minor, in Africa and India is in a ferment; and while the famous religious war against the white race seems to have been somewhat prematurely advertised, it is a very serious matter, particularly to England and France, whose chief policies of state are profoundly affected by the menace of an Oriental revolt.

Finally, all India, Mohammedan and Hindu, is close to the boiling point in its desire to throw off the hated British yoke. The leaders of the movement in that country are well aware of their weakness in a military sense and the terrible suffering which armed revolt would bring upon their people. Yet it is the history of revolution that the counsel of wise leaders is swept aside when the indignation of the people and their sense of intolerable wrongs goes beyond the bounds of restraint by prudence. The people of the Orient are patient; but they are also human. I have no desire to be unduly alarmist. An actual uprising in India may not take place. But whether it does or not, the rising tide of independence, of a sense of nationalism which transcends creed or caste, is producing a situation which makes it seem impossible that Great Britain shall hold India more than another generation at most. After all, the British Empire is fundamentally a business proposition. If India costs far more than she is worth, year after year—which is not the case now—that is an argument which the House of Commons and the India Office cannot fail to hear.

It would be folly not to recognize that there are enormous difficulties in the path of the independence movement. The prestige of the white man in the Orient has greatly declined since 1914; but it is still high enough to exert an extraordinary influence which one can hardly understand unless he has seen it in operation on the ground. There is also the question of religious differences, particularly as it is expressed in the caste system. Caste is still very strong in India; in fact, hardly any progress has been made toward its abolition. There are, for instance, fifty-three million "untouchables" who in many parts of the country cannot even draw water from wells used by the higher castes. They cannot walk the public roads without calling a warning; they cannot enter public schools or temples. The difficulty of conducting a unified political movement under such circumstances is obvious. But the moves made in the last few months show that in this field also India is progressing.

Most people when they think of India think of Gandhi. While he is a man of the greatest spiritual power, a leader of the type which founds new religions, his non-coöperation movement has on the whole produced fewer results than was expected as he himself now recognizes. The element of Indian life which is now most formidable to British rule is Swaraj, of which C. R. Das is the best known leader. The Swarajists, who are historically one wing of the Gandhi movement, also believe in non-coöperation but of a different sort. They conduct political agitation, get themselves elected to the provincial or national legislature, and then proceed to hamper the machinery of government by refusing to pass bills, by airing their grievances in debate, and by otherwise making the life of their British rulers anything but a happy one. The latest developments, however, as expressed in Gandhi's new unity proposal, indicate that all the political sections of the country will soon be united under one leadership.

It will be remembered that some years ago, with a great flourish, India was given a supposedly large degree of home rule under the famous Montagu plan with the promise of more as soon as her inhabitants had proved themselves capable of meeting their responsibilities. The hollowness of these promises is shown by the fact that the efforts of the Swarajists have not really succeeded in seriously interfering with the business of state. All the really important functions are still to be found, in the last analysis, in the hands of appointive British officials.

One of the interesting speculations when the Labor government came into power in England

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was: What would it do about India? Reviewing its activities, the question may now be answered: it did nothing. A commission of inquiry was instituted in order to find out—what everyone well knew already—what reforms India required. Commenting on this investigation, The Hindu, the leading Indian paper and one which is thoroughly temperate in tone, said:

> The authority really controlling Indian affairs pursues an ostrich-like policy, else it would not have added this fresh insult of a sham show of reforms inquiry to the injury it has already done.

The Labor government must not be blamed too harshly for its failure to take action. As a minority government, it did not dare tamper with an imperial policy which would have been defended instantly by both the other parties. The electorate in England knows little about India, and those who are best informed have a lively sense of the economic importance of that country to themselves. Also, the routine of handling Indian affairs is carried on by Anglo-Indian officials, most of whom have lived for years in that country, and are thoroughly imbued with the point of view of British officialdom which is, of course, one of complete hostility to yielding anything at all to the "natives." Under such circumstances, the Secretary of State for India, no matter how liberal his personal sympathies, finds himself helpless, bound hand and foot by red tape, delegated authority, tradition and inertia.

How completely this is true has been described eloquently by E. S. Montagu, author of the famous Montagu plan, whose death a short time ago was a severe loss to the thin ranks of those Englishmen who understand India.

> It has sometimes been questioned [says Mr. Montagu] whether a democracy can rule an empire. I say that in this instance the democracy has never had the opportunity of trying. Even if the House of Commons were to give orders to the Secretary of State, the latter is not his own master. In matters vitally affecting India, he can be over-ruled by a majority of his Council. I may be told that the cases are very rare in which the Council has differed from the Secretary of State for India. I know one case anyhow, where it was a very near thing and the action of the Council might, without remedy, have involved the Government of India in a policy out of harmony with the declared policy of the House of Commons and the Cabinet. And these gentlemen are appointed for seven years, and can only be controlled from the Houses of Parliament by a resolution carried in both Houses calling on them for their resignations.
>
> The whole system of the Indian office is designed to prevent control by the House of Commons for fear there might be too advanced a Secretary of State. I do not say that it is possible to govern India through the intervention of the Secretary of State without expert advice. What I do say is that . . . he must get his expert advice in some other way than by this Council of men, great men though no doubt they always are, who come after lengthy service in India to spend the first years of their retirement as members of the Council.

If the Labor government did nothing for India, the new conservative government is fairly certain to do less than nothing. Its probable general attitude was indicated recently by Lord Curzon, speaking at a dinner of the Central Asian Society, when he said:

> . . . But in this area of chaos and disillusion (Asia) there is yet one great dominion still intact, with its frontiers still untouched, one great empire still, I believe, capable of exhibiting those virtues and setting that example which may help, at any rate, to arrest the decline of Central Asia. I allude to the Indian Empire of Great Britain. Here you still have British rule, although shaken, supreme; still you have the frontiers of India untouched by external invasion; still you have Englishmen devoting to their great work in the East the strength and substance of their lives. The duty imposed on us from on high still lies on the British race. Let us not take our hand from the plow.

When you consider the present state of feeling in India, it is easy to imagine what will be the result of the new rigor and rigidity with which, under a conservative government, Indian aspirations will be suppressed. An idea of what is ahead is indicated by the fact that the new Secretary of State for India is Viscount Birkenhead, while the new Under-Secretary is Lord Winterton, who occupied the same position in the last Baldwin Cabinet, and whose past activities have antagonized even the most moderate native leaders. Only a few weeks ago Lord Winterton declared over his own signature:

> I find myself today as far as ever from visualizing the conditions under which the territory which is now known as British India will one day exercise the functions of self-government within the Empire.

A more drastic policy on the part of Great Britain would of course result in a stiffening of the demands made by the Indians. At present the general body of opinion probably supports the modest proposals of Das, though as always in such a situation, the drift is steadily toward the Left. The Indian leaders are quite willing to remain inside the Empire, though they insist upon complete home rule at a not too distant date and one which must be definitely fixed in advance. They demand that British officials in India in the future shall be expert advisers but not directors of policy clothed with arbitrary power. As Mr. Das remarked to the writer in the course of a conversation a few months ago: "We want to remain in the Empire if that is not inconsistent with our establishing our own system of government. It is only the lack of vision in the British policy in India which is driving some of our young men to think of going outside the Empire."

The form of home rule desired is one which would give the Indians complete autonomy in internal affairs, they do not ask to take control of for-

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eign policy nor to undertake the defense of the country.

Immediate demands made by India were expressed in a resolution passed not long ago by the National Legislative Assembly at Delhi. This resolution recommended that

> The Governor General in Council take steps to have the Government of India Act revised with a view to establish full responsible government in India and for the said purpose (a) summon at an early date a representative Round Table Conference to recommend with due regard to the protection of the rights and interests of important minorities the scheme of a constitution for India and (b) after dissolving the Central Legislature, to place the said scheme, for approval, before a newly elected Indian Legislature for its approval and to submit the same to the British Parliament to be embodied in a statute.

The British in India are strongly opposed even to such a mild form of home rule as is suggested. Some of them merely feel that it is premature at the present time, and look forward to the day when India will be able to stand on her own feet. But there are others, and they are probably in the great majority, who do not think India will ever be able to manage its own affairs. The main arguments they raise are, first, the incompatibility of Hindu and Moslem, and, second, the inability of the Indians to guard their country against external aggression. "Full Dominion status," said Sir Malcolm Hailey, the present Governor of the Punjab, "means a Dominion government. I have not seen any serious thinker who pretends that India is in a position or will in the immediate future be in a position to create a Dominion army."

On the other hand, a cautious liberal Indian like Sir Sivaswany Aiyer points out that "none of the British Colonies was in a position to assume its defense at the time when self-governing status was granted to it. The Home government had to contribute toward the military expenditures of the Colonies. We, on the other hand, from the beginning have paid for our army, raised our troops and paid for the British troops in India. As for defense against external aggression, that is a duty which is not laid upon the Dominions even now."

So far as political developments are concerned, that is where the question of India rests at present. But no recital of political history gives any inkling of the terrible undercurrents of passionate hatred which are sweeping her today. The dreadful Amritsar massacre of 1919 is neither forgotten nor forgiven, and especially since a London Court of Justice a few months ago brought in a verdict virtually condoning that massacre. In February, 1924, occurred another shooting equally unjustified, when a body of Sikhs were fired upon by government troops as the climax to a quarrel over desecration of a shrine, and a number of them killed and wounded. It, also, has raised a storm of protest. In October, 1924, the Vice-Roy promulgated an ordinance to apply to the Bengal province which gives to the executive and the police officers extraordinary powers to make arrests without warrant. Hundreds of arrests were immediately made. The resentment against this ordinance is immense.

For many years, we have been hearing and reading about the racial distinctions drawn by the British in India, distinctions not dissimilar from those made againt the Negroes in our own South. No matter how much one has heard of such things, however, they mean little until they have come under one's personal experience. I could fill a volume with incidents observed in the course of a recent trip across India, but one may serve as a sample. I remember one day getting into a railway third-class compartment—Indian third-class, not reserved for Europeans—which was only half occupied. I had my sun hat on, and observed with surprise that no one else tried to enter our compartment, though the rest of the train was desperately overcrowded as usual. Travelers took one glance at our compartment and then hurried off and struggled to squeeze in elsewhere. I asked one of my companions, a Vakil (country lawyer) to explain.

"They are afraid of you," said the Vakil. "They think you are English."

"But," said I, "even if I were English, I could not very well put out of the carriage people who have paid for their fares as much as I have."

"That shows," he said, "that you have not been very long in this country, or you would know that the English can do here many things not permitted by law." He added, "If you take your sun hat off, you will look like a Parsee. See what happens."

He was right. As soon as I had no hat on they came flocking in. When I saw that one more in our carriage would mean suffocation, I put my hat on again and no one else entered. I tried this repeatedly, all over India, and it always worked.

A trifling incident, you will say; and perhaps you are right. But multiply it not by the thousands but by the millions, see similar things happening every day and hour, year in and year out for generations, and perhaps you will begin to understand why so many in India, of all castes and races, are today so close to the breaking point.

If the Great War had not taken place, the smouldering resentment might have continued to smoulder. Until then, millions of the conquered believed with the conquerors that the latter had a superior civilization, were made of finer, stronger stuff, and by some decree of Providence were entitled to rule. But the East saw European civilization tested in that war and found wanting. And they saw these superior white men descend to the last depths of barbarism, cruelty and horror in the effort to win. The lesson thus learned has not been forgotten. We are likely to hear more of it, not less, as time goes on.

SAVEL ZIMAND.

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Gericault

THE size, dramatic effect, and flattering position in the Louvre of his masterpiece, all the good said of him by Delacroix, a century's respect, a romantic life and tragic death notwithstanding, Géricault was underrated till 1924. Necessarily so: for not till the centenary exhibition of that year were amateurs in a position to appreciate him. Not until they had seen that astonishing assemblage of capital works, sketches and studies could they have realized that Géricault, had he lived, would surely have filled, and filled even more gloriously perhaps, the place of Delacroix in the history of nineteenth century painting.

In 1815 he was twenty-four years old, a superb specimen of the new generation, ardent, high-spirited, intelligent, perplexed and inconsistent withal: witness, his accompaniment of the flying king as far as Béthune, his sudden change of mind, disguising of himself, and precipitate return to Paris. Also he was rich and cultivated. Indeed it is clear that the new generation was in every way and above all artistically, more cultivated than the old.* "Les musées," says Huet, "deserts sous David, se remplissaient;" and at that moment the musée du Louvre was dominated by the genius of Rubens. By some accounts it was the restitution of the pictures plundered by Napoleon, and the bringing out, to fill the gap, of the Marie de Médicis series, which created the vogue. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that Géricault and his contemporaries were profoundly impressed by the Flemish monster; and certain also that students enamored of his glorious freedoms, the sumptuous quality of his paint, his brave brush-work, and his power of composing in monumental masses, would not long be satisfied with the dry precepts of the school. Already in 1812 David, eyeing discontentedly the young master's first capital work, l'Officier des Chasseurs, had exclaimed, "D'où cela sort-il? Je ne connais pas cette touche." Had he known better his Louvre of that date even, he might have guessed.†

He could afford to travel—and in those days French painters seem to have thought much less of journeys and long absences than they do now—so towards the end of '16 he set out for Florence and Rome. Appropriately, since he was to be reckoned a romantic, the motive of his exile was not so much artistic as sentimental. It may be added that he lived up to his reputation, cherishing a broken heart throughout life, enjoying periods of blackest gloom, losing his money, talking of suicide, and riding entire days and sometimes on unbroken horses. In Italy the work begun by Rubens was carried on by the seventeenth century masters. Also, having seen genuine antiques Géricault noticed what you might have supposed would have struck any observant tourist—that the works of the school were not in the least like them. Antiques, however, were not what he had come to see. His pictures have been called sculpturesque, and so they are: himself, he had fingered a chisel and dreamed of expressing his epic conceptions in the imperishable medium. That monumental style of his, however, comes rather I think from Rubens and the Renaissance painters than from Michelangelo. Of his love of opposing moulded mass to mass, and of binding them together by an ample, and perhaps slightly dramatic, use of deep shadows, we need not seek an explanation outside the teaching of his proper masters.

What he looked at were the pictures; and at them he looked with eyes as catholic as those of Sir Joshua but far more intense. He looked at everything—except perhaps the Primitives, at Raphael and Michelangelo, and at the Carraci. And he found something to admire in them all. Shall I risk setting against him all our painters, poets and musicians by quoting his written opinion? Well, here it is: "Each school has its own character; if one could succeed in uniting all their qualities, wouldn't he have reached perfection?" The pedantic blather of a doting old eclectic, is it not? Only you must remember that this eclectic of five-and-twenty was one of the most vigorous, full, blooded, daring, experimental, original and gifted painters of the individualistic century.

Equipped by Rubens and the masters of the full Renaissance, Géricault returned to Paris in the autumn of '17 to struggle with his own epic conceptions. Whether the painting of Le Marché aux Boeufs, a work too little seen by amateurs and perhaps even finer, though on a smaller scale, than Le Radeau de la Méduse, preceded by some months the execution of that masterpiece, I know not; nor does it matter. Le Radeau—the final composition of which was determined as innumerable studies and sketches prove only after prolonged cogitation—hangs in the Louvre for all the world to see, and was first exhibited at the Salon of '19. Its success was immediate and normal; that is to say, it was greeted with a storm of vulgar and senseless abuse by academic painters and schoolmasters, by the public which believes in such people and the critics who take tips from them, and with enthusiasm by the sensitive and intelligent. The judicious Kératry judged the color "monotone et uniforme"—a sentence which seems in every sense excessive: in the drawing Emeric Duval of Le Moniteur discovered

* Baudelaire seems to have supposed that because David, Guerin and Girodet found subjects in Homer and Virgil they read them.

† To be sure, David professed for Rubens the sort of admiration which the Archangel may have felt for Beelzebub.

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"de l'incorrection, de l'exagération et tout à la fois de la sécheresse": while Le Drapeau Blanc accused the painter of having calumniated the whole ministry of Marine.

That the taste of the government in 1819 was neither vulgar nor reactionary goes without saying, since it was directed by the excellent M. de Forbin; and Géricault seems to have expected of it not only a medal but a purchase. A medal he got, but no cash; which vexed him. In this he was unreasonable, not to say silly; for Le Radeau, besides being a great work of art, is unmistakeably a political tract. At that moment the incident was being used freely as a stick wherewith to belabor the government. Not unnaturally: the story was of the most damaging. In June, 1816, the frigate, La Méduse, bound for Senegal, became detached from the squadron in a storm and foundered off Cape Blanc. The captain, an ex-émigré, took to the boats, taking in tow a raft on which he put the bulk of his crew—149 souls in all. Under stress of weather, though some say the cables parted, it seems probable that the boats cut loose, leaving the wretched men on the raft to fend for themselves. Twelve days later the corvette Argus picked up fifteen survivors—all that remained of the crew of le radeau de la Méduse. Amongst the survivors were the surgeon, Corréard, and a seaman of some education, Savigny. These, at the end of 1817, published a detailed account of the incredible horrors—hunger, despair, murder and madness—of their ordeal. By 1821 the little brochure had run through four editions and become a staple of liberal declamation. Géricault appears to have consulted frequently both authors as well as the ship's carpenter, all of whom he induced to pose. For the other figures he preferred to professional models his friends; and curious visitors to the Louvre may be amused to know that the adolescent body flung across the left side of the canvas is said to be that of Delacroix.

Naturally, the picture caused some commotion in circles which knew and cared nothing for painting; and Géricault complained, disingenuously enough, that the general public judged it on political rather than æsthetic grounds, that admirers turned out to be merely anti-Bourbon and detractors merely royalist. It may be doubted whether Géricault himself was much swayed by political passions, but seeing that of the two great compositions which were in train at the time of his death, one was to be called The Slave Trade and the other French Soldiers Opening the Prisons of the Spanish Inquisition, it is to be feared that he was not insensible to the profit to be drawn from them. Had these compositions been executed, they must have taken an important place in the career of the artist and the history of nineteenth century painting, not on account of the admirable sentiments insinuated, but because they would have been the ripe fruit of a revolutionary experience. This experience was to give a twist to the road that Géricault was opening, to modify his technique, and open his eyes to an entirely new conception of art. Early in '19 he arrived in London; and in London he was to stay, not only fascinated by the life and thrilled by the art, but himself eagerly productive, for the best part of three years.

The influence of England on the art of Géricault cannot be gauged from the famous little racing picture in the Louvre. To appraise it you must study some of the pictures of horses in their stalls or at exercise which he produced during or just after his stay. Géricault had ever cherished an intense, and as it turned out unfortunate, passion for horses: it was as a result of a third riding accident within a few years that he died in January, 1824. From Constable he learned to observe them; and Constable it was who helped him to a technique wherewith to express his acute, one may almost say gloating, observations. This technique, however, was so modified by the intelligent admirer of Rubens and the Renaissance that his little studies often thrill one with a fat and glossy matière which seems to anticipate Courbet. Also, in England he picked up a taste for all that is most characteristic in human beings. This new passion reveals itself most happily in a series of lithographs of street-scenes and queer types executed and published in England—at that time the home of this comparatively unknown process; and to less advantage in the studies of idiots, in oil, done after his return to Paris. These last are, to my mind, of little value; but they display unmistakeably the influence, ill-assimilated, of Hogarth and the English portrait painters. Nevertheless, the work of these last years with its rich color, succulent paint, and vivid characterization, suffices to convince me that, had he lived, Géricault, not Delacroix, would have become chief of that school which was to deliver French painting from the Greeks and the Romans.

Alive, Gèricault was never hailed as a chief. Indeed, not till after his death was he hailed as a romantic, though his last picture, L'Epave, is furiously, and worse, in that manner. In proof of his loyalty to the scrool, disciplinarian professors are fond of quoting, and falsifying, as professors will, a saying of his—"David, le premier de nos artistes, le régénérateur de l'Ecole," omitting to conclude the sentence which continues "n'a dû qu'à son génie les succès . . . etc." They omit also to remind us of how Géricault, watching one day a child scribbling on the wall, exclaimed "Quel dommage l'Ecole gâtera tout cela." The fact is Géricault believed in absolute liberty and a catholic taste; so perhaps, after all, he would never have made a chief of any school or party. He lacked the necessary stupidity and intolerance. He was a man of the world rather than the conventicle, who set art above orthodoxy and life above loyalty. He was as much a gentleman as a painter. Such a one, you would say, could never become leader of a revolution, were it not that almost such another was Eugène Delacroix.

CLIVE BELL.

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He's A Bear

MR. OSCAR BINNS opened his morning paper at the financial page.

"Well, Elmer," he said, "the bull drive is still going strong."

Mr. Binns once dabbled lightly in stocks and since he was fifty-seven dollars ahead of the market on the day his broker blew up, he properly regards himself as a thwarted Napoleon of finance.

"There's been a great buying movement ever since election."

"How come those simps manage to snag all those green certificates?" asked the newsdealer innocently.

"Somebody sells them, of course."

"Then it would be just as easy on your face to call it a great selling movement," said Elmer. "Every time one bird blows himself to a share another one gets out from under."

"Ah, but prices have been going up for a month."

"Sure I know. The cheerleaders have got the edge on the grouches, but what's the answer in round numbers? Is Wall Street buying chips on a hunch or are the insiders unloading on the goats?"

"The public's in the market."

"So is spring lamb."

"A bull movement means prosperity."

"It does that little thing, for the wise guys that get theirs out of every sale. The brokers are putting on the old nose-bag all right. They're so busy they won't let the ink-slingers work crossword puzzles. They're jazzing up stocks that haven't give a wiggle since Rockefeller passed the eighty dollar mark.

"Every ticker has got a hot box, but does that raise my temperature any? Selling things to brokers won't nail the 'help wanted' sign on the gate. A wave of optimism is sweeping over the country—from the East River to Trinity Church—but the amount of steel rails, crude oil, Coca Cola and calico they gobble up down there wouldn't buy the workingman's baby many shoes. Those tickerhounds don't produce and they don't consume. They only holler, 'I betcha.' "

"The Stock Exchange is a barometer of business."

"Barometer is right, Oscar. Did you ever know one of those things that wasn't on the blink? Ours always reads 'partly cloudy' but what's that got to do with the annual rainfall? A bull movement may mean there's a good time coming or it may mean that a lot of guys would rather buy into somebody else's game than take a chance on their own the way things look."

"Just the same the market is a very sensitive instrument," said the retired financier.

"Too sensitive, if you ask me. It's like that dumbdora, Sweet Alice, who wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown. When they're playing them Wall Street blues you'd think we'll all be hanging out the S. O. S. by Saturday night, and the next time you look everything is the cat's pajamas and the sky's the limit. They tell business to play dead or jump over the moon and business ups and does exactly what it was going to do anyhow. They might just as well be rolling the bones or playing the ponies.

"Look at 'em now, Oscar. Coolidge is elected and they can hardly believe their ears. Oh, boy! now we'll have high prices and low wages and a high tariff and a whale of a foreign trade. Take it from your Uncle Dudley, that's too big an order for one misses' size President to deliver.

"The railroads yammer, 'Now Washington will leave us alone.' Will the shippers leave 'em alone, too, or will they pester 'em to haul stuff? Manufacturers are grinning from ear to ear and return because nobody is going to butt in on their nice juicy tariff and they can get away with murder. Can they or can't they? You are entitled to two guesses.

"What I mean, Oscar, all this bullcon is played on a wishbone. The dope peddlers say things are all set to get rosy and I hope they are calling the turn. But steel isn't any better than it was last spring and textiles are a wet rag and motors are missing on one cylinder and the drummers say trade is rotten. Some things look Ritzie and some not so good."

"Spotty," said the technical Mr. Binns.

"As an expert, I don't qualify," Elmer went on. "I tried to horn into the Stock Exchange once when giving the old burg the double-o, but the big stiff at the door asked me did I have a ticket from a broker. I slipped him a ticket from a pawnbroker, but he gave me the pickle eye so I hoofed it down to the Aquarium instead. I saw a fish there that looked like Hon. Horace W. Witherspoon.

"All the same I soak up a lot of this hop from the financial sharps. When we're off of politics there's a dull spot in the news between the Army-Navy game and spring training. Sometimes I get so desperate I read Times editorials. So I trail along with the market once in a while and place my bets on the back of an envelope. I'm no shoestring speculator, either; I sling a mean eversharp. Probably I owe the game ten thousand berries in stage money right now. And I can't get it out of my bean that there's a good deal of that phony stuff splashing around Broad and Wall, too. They can't tell me people are coughing up real smackers for all that junk.

"No yowl of mine will ever throw a scare into the tape fiends, but if I had a wad of jack and wanted to make a killing, I'd sell now while the stock-absorbers are doing their Christmas shopping early. My hunch is that those cloud-hoppers are ringing the old joybell too hard. Something is due for a crack."

"You're a bear," said Mr. Binns severely.

"I'm a bear," said Elmer proudly.

FELIX RAY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

E. D. Morel

SIR: I saw Mr. Morel for the first time on the occasion of the debate in the House of Commons on the Foreign Office Vote, two days before the opening of the London Conference. The discussion ranged over the whole field of the Dawes plan and its application and was extraordinarily interesting to an outsider because of the fashion in which, except for the leaders, Conservative, Liberal and Labor members talked to the same point, namely, that even if Germany were able to pay the reparations demanded by the Dawes report—which was manifestly impossible—it was a grave question whether England could afford to accept them.

Towards the middle of the evening a young-looking, white-haired man arose from the Labor bench and made this argument with great force. After half an hour's discussion of the economic aspects of the case, he laid down his papers, shook himself free as it were from technicalities and launched into a spirited attack on the Dawes Report from the human and ethical side. The whole Dawes plan was wrong, he said, because it was based on the treaty of Versailles which rests on the false assumption of Germany's sole responsibility for the war.

This, I thought, could be none other than E. D. Morel, and so it proved. His talk was not long, not over fifteen minutes at most, but it was long enough to enable members to fill up the empty benches—just as our own Senate fills up when Borah speaks. His eloquence was compelling and at the close was greeted with a burst of applause from the whole House.

On the next evening I was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Morel at the house of Lady Cynthia Mosely, the daughter of Lord Curzon. On my referring to the preceding evening he said, "You have heard the most remarkable debate held in the House of Commons within ten years, because it was one in which all the back benches agreed." So much stress did he lay upon this point and upon its significance that a letter from him appears in the New Leader for July 25, 1924, entitled The Revolt of the Back Benches, in which he declares that the feature of the debate was "the revolt of the back benches against the hypocrisies of diplomacy, and, in particular, against the whole policy of reparations." Yet I do not mean to say that Mr. Morel opposed the acceptance of the Dawes Report. Rather was he insisting that the government should leave itself free to act later.

I expressed to Mr. Morel my interest in the applause with which his remarks on the subject of the war guilt were received, and added that they would have had a different reception in our own House of Representatives. "Ah," he said, "I couldn't have made that speech a year ago in the House of Commons. To be sure I have preached this doctrine up and down England for the last five years so that now there is not a workingman left who still believes in the sole responsibility of Germany, and very few of the bourgeois.

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Morel was over optimistic in this view but it is gratifying to think that he saw his labors crowned with at least this measure of success before he died.

LOUISE PUFFER MORGAN.

New York, N. Y.

Kansas Decries the Hood

SIR: In an editorial paragraph of Nov. 12 your opinion of a Ku Klux Klan victory in Kansas seems to show a lack of understanding as to the true case of the matter. William Allen White was defeated not because he was an anti-Klan candidate, but because he ran independently. There is not an iota of doubt in any Republican voter of this state if William Allen White had been the regular Republican candidate for governor of Kansas the present Governor-elect Ben Paulen's plurality would appear as a mere drop of water in a lake. The rest of the election proves that. The attorney-general of this state, the secretary of state, the superintendent of education of this state, which make the majority of the state board, everyone of them an anti-Klan candidates, were elected over the Klan endorsed candidates. Kansas still believes in an open straight-forward Americanism, not a hooded cow-pasture policy. Even Ben Paulen, a Klan endorsed candidate, is not a follower of such policy.

BERT C. BAHR.

Arkansas City, Kans.

The Sense of Honor in Men

SIR: It is not possible that the lady who contributed the article in your current issue entitled, The Sense of Humor in Women, does not realize the trouble she has caused. A woman of her high order of intelligence must surely vision the embarrassment and furtive side-stepping of countless male bipeds who have never done her the least harm, when their women folk who read the New Republic demand from them an explanation of the Tompkin's goat episode.

The general inference gathered from her excellent phraseology is, that she is a friend of man—an understanding person who loves him despite his frailties and foibles; yet she has betrayed us; she has acted down to the traditions of her sex. She has lost her high caste.

Should we retaliate by revealing through a semi-opaque veil some of the boudoir gossip that comes to our privileged ears? Were she the only one to suffer I for one should favor the disclosure. But no. Out of a sense of loyalty to our many charming companions we must not rend their camouflage. The illusion they have so carefully built around themselves must be preserved at all costs.

Her explanation of the reason why women fail to appreciate the "procreative joke" is pathetic and ingenious but it does not carry conviction. The real reason is that they are ever painfully conscious that their vaunted moral ascendency over man hangs by a thread. The illusion must be preserved, even by a frown if necessary. They are dissemblers; they will rarely face an issue. They would rather seem to be angelic than human.

Their reactions are always uncertain. For this reason no man with an ounce of experience would ever allow himself to be caught napping. Your charming contributor betrays an erudition, a depth of understanding and a breadth of vision that are inviting. But under no circumstances would I relate in her presence one or two good ones from my own repertoire although they are void of all indecency and funny enough to make a cat laugh. Yes, she might laugh On the other hand, she might capriciously elect to simulate a modesty.

ALFRED BIGGS.

New York, N. Y.

Pioneer Youth

SIR: A good many Americans who like many features of the work of the Boy Scout movement and similar organizations for boys and girls have often been troubled by the almost inevitable tendency of these organizations to regiment the spirits of the boys and girls in behalf of jingoistic nationalism and to make them worshippers of the great god Success. Quite obviously, if we are to make real progress in better ideals within our political parties and our labor unions, or in the conduct of international affairs, our children must develop an outlook on life rather different from that which now prevails.

Last spring a group of men and women, labor leaders, parents and educators, at the instigation of an ardent young idealist, Joshua Lieberman, came together to see what could be done about these things. The result was the beginning of a movement known as Pioneer Youth. As I write, there lies before me the very attractive little magazine, written, edited and printed by the boys and girls of its first camp, established last summer at Pawling, New York. This winter there are already some eight clubs in Greater New York under its auspices. A class for the training of leaders, having the sympathy and aid of noted educators, has been established, and the movement hopes soon to spread to Pennsylvania with the help of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. It should be explained that the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor is only one of various labor bodies of greater or less magnitude, which from the beginning have been interested in this movement.

Here is no record of miraculous achievement, but of a modest yet promising beginning. Readers of the New Republic, it seems to me, might well afford to extend to the movement both moral and financial aid. Its secretary, Joshua Lieberman, No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be glad to answer questions.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

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Tigers and Actresses

WHERE can a line be drawn between good acting and what is called "personality"? The two are easily confused. Every month brings a quantity of plays in which inconspicuous good acting remains unnoticed and unsung because the actor has not that mysterious sharp edge which cuts deeply into our attention, and every month shows us people who are not really actors at all but manage to travel under that assumed name because they possess some raw electric quality that compels us to listen and makes us forget they are not really actors but only beautiful, untrained tigers before whose cages we must stop and stand, fascinated. Once in a blue moon we find a tiger who is self-disciplined, civilized, who would have us admire not only his striped hide and jungle-throated roar and sleek, silent softness and venemous claws, but his control over them as well. Then we have found, we suppose, a great actor. A rare beast, not always at once distinguishable from the merely great tiger. Our theatrical zoo is full of merely great tigers. Often the pleasure at watching them is so keen that it does not seem to matter that nobody, least of all themselves, ever whipped them.

Sheer human energy, vitality, the unlearnable, celestial gift of high voltage, whether it blossoms out into its own charms or into noise and effectiveness, is somehow very exciting. As soon as the expensive beast comes out upon the stage, there is a hum of live wires, the audience is caught up in a vast, throbbing circuit of open-mouthed attention, and watches every motion, hears every sound made by this being who is one of themselves yet how much more alive. And they go home muttering "great actor . . . great actress . . . great"; and the gifted beast goes home luxuriously fed with the impalpable buns of praise, applause, pin-dropping silence passed up to it from the audience, and their "great . . . great . . . great" finds ready echo in the actor's heart.

There are all varieties and degrees of that kind of public personality which makes acting—in the sense of heart-searching trial, error, discipline—unnecessary, just as there are all degrees of the feline from tiger to cat, from roar to yowl. That lesser cousin, however belled and ribboned, tamed, washed and cream-fed, can charm and excite us with a whisk of tail and a flash of primeval eyes. Tamed, instructed, orderly, purring perhaps, but still wild and capable of startling, solitary sounds in the night's stillness. To change to a human parallel, Lilian Foster—unfortunately hailed as an "American Duse"—is the kind of actress who far more by virtue of what she is herself than by good acting can make a thoroughly bad play (Conscience) something to remember—for a while anyway. She is not a very good actress, she is not a very good tiger, but she is enough of each to fasten one's attention on her. She has, to pack more meaning into a word than it will hold, "personality." She has a piercing, arresting, exaggeratedly common voice with only a few notes, but these few notes so sharply pitched and biting, so sour and brave all at once, that the uninterested ear is pricked up in spite of the words. Some actors visibly watch the audience, a few watch only themselves or that which is happening within themselves, most of those gifted with "personality" convey, disagreeably, or agreeably, a sense of knowing they are being watched. Lilian Foster shows herself to be not quite thoroughly a member of this latter class by too obviously watching, and showing she knows attention is fastened on her.

Ethel Barrymore is the prize attention-fastener. She is among the first ten in "personality." She is a tiger, but by no means a perfect tiger, because she knows her job too well. But she's a mighty good tiger, because she also does not know her job well enough, and because she is about the only reason why The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is possible to sit through. That grotesque, workmanlike spiral woodwork, twisted out of a misunderstanding of human nature, which seems as ancient, unreal, lath-and-plaster dramaturgy now as it ought to have seemed when it was first produced, needs the heaviest artificial respiration in order to give it even the flutter of the semblance of life. Ethel Barrymore is the oxygen. She does revive it, up to a certain point, but the stage reeks with the heavy gas; her personality, having brought the play back to life, floods it with herself, and drowns it. The feeble little cage suffocates; not the tiger. It is hard to say in this case where acting ends and the exploitation of personality begins. Those softly emphatic modulations, that repeated lubricated cadence, that subtle rise and swell and fall of sound, tucked under at the end, like rather coarse, warm velvet, we have heard them before in other plays, and they recur in this one, often regardless of the sense, because they are effective, they pin us in our seats, they are paper-weights upon our attention. And oh, how this tiger knows that it is being watched, and loves it.

Lenore Ulric is a genuine tiger, with scarcely any tricks and not much but just herself to work with. But this herself is so alive and imperiously engaging that tricks, science, art, at any rate for the part she plays in The Harem, are unnecessary. It is not a subtle self in any way; it is a gorgeously free and easy exhibition of pert, explosive, charming savagery of body, face and eye. It has almost nothing to do with acting. You could stand outside the cage watching her for hours. Happy, happy voltage, for the admiration of all whose current runs low, whose lamp burns dim.

With these three Pauline Lord seems to have no connection. She is not tiger at all; one would guess that if she tried to play with her "personality," with her equipment of looks or voice alone, she would not get far; she is simply a remarkable actress, wholly an actress, whose gifts are accuracy, the taking of pains, discipline, and great imagination. Which gifts, applied as she applies them in Sidney Howard's They Knew What They Wanted, not only leave us deeply admiring and grateful, but add up to a sort of super-personality infinitely more valuable and memorable than the exploitation by the tigers of the qualities that are effective on the stage. She is not beautiful, neither is her voice, in itself, but what she does with her voice is beautiful. She never falls into the easy groove of modulation which is Ethel Barrymore's most effective trick; she suits each modulation of speech to its moment in the play, and where inflections are repeated it is because they were just and necessary. There are few actresses to be seen anywhere who know better what to do with their hands, companions of the voice and mood, obedient, subtle, alive, now dumbly, nervously restrained, now forgotten and become the trembling branches of a tree shaken by emotion. And you could never guess she knows—if she does—that an audience was watching her; she never reaches out over the footlights for understanding, or basks a little in its warmth. Only an intense, flexible concentration on the character whose mood she shares, whose words and gestures are her own.

What price "personality"?

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Modern Fiction

The English Novel of Today, by Gerald Gould. London: John Castle 7s 6d.

Dead Reckonings in Fiction, by Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

THESE books complement each other to give the reader of modern fiction a view of the field and suggestions toward classification and appreciation of its highly various phenomena. They are entirely different in scope and method. Mr. Gerald Gould, who for the last six years has written weekly in The New Statesman and The Saturday Review on novels of the hour, gives an extensive survey, seeking to sift into categories the more memorable books which have fallen under his eye. In his pages book reviewing emerges into criticism. Whether we accept his judgment in particular cases or his attribution of cases to categories is secondary. Mr. Gould's recognitions are sound. He has the fundamental quality of a critic in knowing what is important. In the heterogeneous mass of material which he surveys he has solved with fine authority the problem of what to choose and what to omit. Nor let it be inferred that he writes like Baedeker. On the contrary he imparts a delightful liveliness and verve to his compact and brilliant summaries, and the only exception to be taken to his style is a frequent yielding to the temptation to slay with the inverted platitude which becomes epigram. Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell are teachers in the Columbia University Extension and naturally approach their task with a sense of the aptness of the average consumer of fiction to find in it nothing more than the story—and to fail to find that in authors of an art more complicated than Harold Bell Wright or Marie Corelli. They proceed by way of example to read the scores of some of the more recondite authors of the day. But if there is didacticism in their approach there is none in their manner. By the engaging figure of navigation, they associate their readers in their voyages toward ports, well known indeed, but known also for the reefs and sands which have cheated many travellers of their destination.

Mr. Gould starts with a certain bias in favor of tradition in English fiction and a disposition to look askance at the violators of it. In his first sentence he draws a comparison between the successors of the spacious Victorians, and the curiosity and self-torture of the Metaphysicals who followed the Elizabethans, and the parallel carries far—Mr. Joyce, Mr. Lawrence, Miss Sinclair, Miss Richardson in the seats of Donne, Crashaw, Webster, Ford. Nevertheless Mr. Gould addresses himself with good heart to the inquiry whether in the new fiction "we may find something precious and unique, something that only our own age could have achieved." He finds the inferiority of present day fiction not "the consequence of poorer gifts of the writer, but something stamped deep in what the individual writer is attempting, in the very nature of his artistic purpose." This deep seated vice of modern fiction is the vice of the metaphysical poets and decadent dramatists of the seventeenth century—the tendency to emphasize abnormal detail, to sacrifice the presentation of life in three dimensions to theory. "They trust an abstraction, an explanation, not the grand inexplicable fact." With some of the more extreme examples he has literally no patience. Miss Dorothy Richardson is "an author whom I cannot understand," and "anybody who pretends to understand Ulysses throughout is deceiving others or himself." Mr. Gould's standard in the treatment of character is reality. "If you succeed in creating the illusion of reality, criticism has no more to ask . . ." The psychologists, even Miss Sinclair, even Mr. E. M. Forster, do not create this illusion for him, as do the biographical novelists of whom he singles out Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, author of that masterpiece of the autobiographical novel, Mary Lee. The sociological novelists follow, among whom again Mr. Gould shows his acumen in distinguishing the significant among quantities of poorer stuff, (as Mr. Walpole's The Dark Forest) and reviving less known or already forgotten books—Mrs. Hamilton's Dead Yesterdays, Mr. Geoffrey Moss's Sweet Pepper, Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's One of Our Grandmothers. Naturally, he reserves his chief praise for those whom he sees as "straightforward"—Mrs. Mordaunt in The Family, Mr. Swinnerton in The Chaste Wife, Mr. Owen in Richard Gregory, Miss Eyles in Hidden Lives.

Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill establish a more elaborate critical apparatus than Mr. Gould, one adapted to taking soundings in deep water. There are obviously three points of view from which a work of art may be regarded, first as the expression of the personality of the author and his experience of life; second as a social document, growing out of the necessities and interests of the time; and third as an attempt toward excellence according to some standard of æsthetic achievement. Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill take account of the first by accepting the theory that fiction is an escape from reality, a compensation for the shortcomings and frustrations of actual experience, a dialect, to use Mr. Conrad Aiken's words, of "the universal language of healing which we call art." Such a theory includes the second point of view also, for as our authors observe. "If psychoanalysing the artist is pathological criticism, psychoanalysing the literary tastes of a people is sociological criticism." To take account of the third point of view they supplement the escape theory of art by the enhancement theory, which makes æsthetic value depend on whether or not the work in question sends us back to life better fitted for it than before, with greater capacity for experience and power of assimilating and understanding it. This is a view familiar in criticism of the plastic arts from Berenson to Clive Bell. Its application to fiction is easily apparent. In what, ask Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill, lies the superiority of The Brothers Karamazov to a dime detective story? Both offer an escape from monotony of daily life; but whereas the detective story gives us only the excitement of murders, mystery, suspense, pursuit, or at best the intellectual interest of a puzzle of motives and clues, The Brothers Karamazov leaves us with "some of the profoundest speculations upon the problem of evil, the mysteries of heredity, and the degree of human responsibility."

To develop and illustrate this theory of the enhancement of life and to point out how it is achieved by technical resources unknown to fiction of the past is the chief aim of the book before us. The authors have chosen as a first easy lesson, Paris and the Puritan, represented by The Ambassadors and Anatole France's The Red Lily. They proceed to examine Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield, Conrad's Nostromo, Dostoyevsky, May Sinclair, and D. H. Lawrence in the same informal, intelligent fashion. Their selection may seem arbitrary, but they defend it especially with reference to its slighting of the sociological point of view. "Doubtless if we had written a book like this before

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the War," they say, "we should have offered you The New Machiavelli, and The Freelands, with their problems of politics and land distribution. Perhaps we can account for our choice by falling back on the truism that no one ever gets really very far from the spirit of his own age. And ours is preeminently an age of psychological discovery."

Dead Reckonings in Fiction, like Mr. Gould's The English Novel of Today, is to be regarded primarily in its function toward the reader. Mr. Gould lays out the field for him broadly. The author's own preference frankly stated will hardly interfere with the reader's right of private judgment, especially if it be fortified by a critical method of his own. Such a method is suggested in Dead Reckonings, with the explicit assertion on the part of the authors that their object is to make critics of their readers. They quote Mr. Bell's words: "The essence of good criticism is this: that, instead of merely imparting to others the opinions of the critic, it puts them in a state to appreciate the work of art itself." It was Oscar Wilde, I believe, who said that the aim of criticism was to make every man his own critic.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Freudianalysis

Sigmund Freud, His Personality, His Teaching, and His School, by Fritz Wittels. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

Beyond the Pleasure Principal, by Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by C. J. M. Lubback. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego, by Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by James Strachey. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

AMONG all the various complexes to which the human flesh (or soul, or libido) is heir, none is more interesting than the Freudian complex. One often hears of a cure which has turned out more noxious than the disease; psychoanalysis, however, requires no diseases. Or rather, within the purview of this science we are all diseased. There is none so sane that hath not any dreams, and where a dream appears, there is sex in the midst of it. Indeed, there is no crime on heaven or earth, it seems, that our unconsciousness has never dreamt of. A harem lies about us in our infancy. We are all deeply involved with our mothers. That is fundamental. But in addition we are pan-sexual. Every giggle has its sinister reverberation. The pacifier is a symbol of iniquity; suckling a bestial rite. Later on with the emergence of self-consciousness the fumes clear somewhat and we descend to the lesser crimes of subconscious patricide, subconscious attachment to individuals of the same sex, subconscious confusion of ourselves with Harding and Coolidge and the other towering intellects of the day, as Mr. George F. Babbitt ranks them.

In short, vanity and sexuality being universal human traits, we were all able to identify ourselves quite easily in the composite picture of the race presented by psychoanalysis. Furthermore, we felt that the portrait was a sympathetic one. Upon the whole, no one had ever understood us in precisely this way before. We therefore accepted it forthwith, acknowledged the resemblance, and referred all our critics to the Freudian composite as the source and cause of every peccadillo. Every fit of depression was an inferiority complex; every rebound, a Messiah psychosis. A bad night's rest was dignified from indigestion to a revisitation of original sin. The wonder was, all things considered, not that we were such miserably insignificant wretches blundering along in a thick haze of uncomprehended civilization, but that we had done so well with such wormy insides. Our strength is as the strength of ten because our souls are vile.

This paradox could not be illustrated better than by Wittels's portrait of the prophet himself. To Wittels, Freud is an undoubted genius, one of the great ones of all time. But Wittels is a psychoanalyst, even when he is analyzing the master of the cult. It is therefore necessary for him to portray his leader as mean, small-minded, backbiting, inordinately ambitious, incredibly jealous, intolerably domineering. His "science," beginning in perfervid imagination and maturing in fantasmagoria, has repelled all attempts at revision and withdrawn further and further into itself in the best psychopathic form.

The history of the master-period is the history of three great quarrels, with Adler, with Jung, and with Stekel. From his association with Charcot Freud had got the suggestion of the psychological causation of hysterical paralysis and so on; from collaboration with Breuer he had got the suggestion of the therapeutic value of confession. To these he had added his own intuition, flashed to his mind by a chance remark of Charcot's which Wittels, surprisingly, fails to mention, of the primacy of sex in the psychoneuroses. Upon this foundation he had built up, through a long series of clinical studies, his theories of conflicts and repression, infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex, the symbolic sexuality of dreams, anxieties, tics, and "accidental" lapses, and the sublimation of sexual "libido" in every sort of creative work. In the beginning Freud had been laughed at and had worked alone. But as the list of his clinical studies became more formidable he commenced to gather around him a little group of the faithful, founded an association, issued Zeitschriften, and in general became a movement. And then, unfortunately, the Freudian movement and the psychoanalytic movement ceased wholly to coincide. Adler ventured to make the sense of power, vulgarly known as the inferiority-superiority complex, the basis of his interpretations, and was read out of the party. Jung had the temerity to extend the meaning of the libido to include "life force," and was read out of the party. Stekel (who is added to the great trio on the ground of Wittels's personal admiration) had a private quarrel and departed. Thus we have the three schools: the German specializing in organic inferiority, the Swiss in mystical communion with the élan vital, the Austrian in the pure gospel of the Oedipus complex.

Quarrels among different schools of scientists are common enough. The astounding thing about the psychoanalysts is not that they should have quarreled, but that they have held together at all. From the very first they have immolated themselves. Consider, for instance, their interest in sex. Now the whole evolutionary hypothesis turns upon sex. Further, the recovery, about the beginning of the century, of the Mendelian doctrine of heredity has made the sexual functions the center of physiological research. Still further, the promulgation yet more recently of the hormone theory of glandular control of development has sharpened the focus upon sex. Appreciably more than half of all the research that is going on in the biological sciences bears directly on the sexual system. Are the Freudians interested

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in this? Not in the least. Wittels reports Freud as now holding that a medical training is unnecessary for the study and practise of psychoanalysis. The inevitable result of this self-immolation is that the original intuitions have thinned out into fantastic vaporings. What, for instance, shall we think of this excursion beyond the eros-principle to a death instinct, postulated upon a metaphysics of bipolarity and documented by the life of protozoa? Only that it is no less imaginable than the motherward urge which is the unconscious wish to return to the protection of the uterus, or the anxiety psychosis which is a reliving of the prenatal dread of the terrors of birth through the pelvic narrows.

The temptation to give this cloistered theorizing a Freudian interpretation as a defense mechanism must nevertheless be resisted. The attraction is too obvious. Wittels points out that Jenseits des Lustprinzip appeared just after the death of Freud's daughter. But Freud insists by letter that the MS. was completed while the daughter was still in excellent health. Theory demands a theoretical interpretation. The Freudian theories have also ignored contemporary psychology. In consequence Freud is able to announce this year an interpretation of the relation of the ego and the mass that has been a commonplace in America since the publication in 1904 of Cooley's Human Nature and the Social Order. Is this the preoccupation of a genius with his own thoughts?

Perhaps, for Freud is an original genius of the first rank. In spite of all the opposition to his theories, in spite of the best attempts of himself and his rivals to bring his work under suspicion, his basic conceptions, the universality of sex, the primacy of the parent-child relation, the complex theory of the organization of experience, the conflict-repression theory of psychoneuroses, are gradually permeating modern psychology and being assimilated into it as an indispensible part of the theory of human behavior. Psychoanalysis certainly contains science, though it may itself be something like a complex.

C. E. AYRES.

Modern Masters

The Masters of Modern Art, by Walter Pach. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $3.50.

WRITING to his stupid patron, Chantelou, Poussin the painter said: "Good judgment is very difficult if one has not both great knowledge and great practice in this art." It would be hard to find another critic in America or England who possesses to a greater degree than Mr. Walter Pach the qualities that are necessary for just criticism and seasoned appreciation. Without the imperfect sympathies of Mr. Clive Bell, without the anxious dogmatism of Mr. Roger Fry, without the æsthetic bias of Miss Katherine Dreier, Mr. Pach has not merely lived through the present period: he has painted through it, and its art and its mystery are literally at his fingertips. In The Masters of Modern Art he has put his immense learning, his experience, and his eager taste into a compact volume of æsthetic history and criticism. The studio and the museum have yielded up their treasures to Mr. Pach, and he throws them at our feet with easy largesse. It is a pleasure to be able to recommend a book without saving clauses; and I am in danger of exhausting my praise of Mr. Pach's work without giving a notion of it.

The title gives an accurate view of the contents of this book, provided that one applies a little exegesis to each of the words. By "Modern" Mr. Pach does not mean the Neo-tomorrow or the Post-yesterday School: he refers to that great span of art which bridges the revolution of 1789 and the war of 1914—roughly speaking, the period between David and Derain. By "masters" Mr. Pach means more than painters of great ability like Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec: he uses the word to signify those who have begotten other great painters; for through these masters he is able to study the *movement*, rather than merely the accomplishment, of modern art. This criterion occasionally tempts Mr. Pach perhaps to belittle the painters who left no disciples; but it is a legitimate method of selection, and it is carried out with skill. Mr. Pach's canon, moreover, has the advantage of concentrating his study in a single milieu; for the headwaters of modern art are in France, and it is only the Russians, with their native décor, who seem to get their energies from some other source.

Many of us have perhaps felt that with the rise of the bourgeoisie in the French Revolution the arts began to take a downward path; and in the perpetual struggles and difficulties of the artist during the nineteenth century we have read the story of art's confinement and degradation. In a sense this perception was true: the minor arts did diminish in influence, and pottery, textiles, and furniture became vulgar without even being funny. On the other hand, this draining off of the common arts turned a vast store of energy into painting; so that all the decoration that should have gone into houses and public buildings, all the plastic manipulation which might have produced a vigorous architecture, was carried into the museum—which became the sanctuary of the present as well as the reservoir of the past.

Curiously, the very distance of the artist from his public gave him a freedom he had scarcely known before: one has only to compare poor Poussin, adding extra figures to his composition to give the patron his money's worth, with Cézanne, who painted to please himself with an impeccable aloofness and concentration possible only on an unconditional income. It is the outcast, divested of social responsibilities, who is above society; and the art of painting secured its astonishing technical triumphs during the nineteenth century through the fact that its masters, whether they hermited in Aix or fled to Tahiti, were outcasts. Like many of the great achievements of nineteenth century science, the triumphs were not merely *in* art, they were for art; and except for an occasional work like Delacroix's murals in St. Sulpice, modern art in France showed no signs of breaking out of its own "world" until Dufy began to design his prints, and Duchamp-Villon his houses. Rodin sought to fit his sculptures into his obscure conception of The Gates of Hell; but plainly, like his contemporaries, he scarcely knew where the Gates of Hell could be put. In fact, artists like Daumier, who were immersed in the stream of life outside the studio and the museum, were not appraised at full value until long after they were dead.

This does not mean that I differ from Mr. Pach when he sees a "succession of triumphs which make of modern art, something which will stand with the greatest achievements of the modern period, and—we think (for only the future can say)—one which takes its place beside the great achievements of the past." On the contrary, once the detachment of the modern period is accepted, as one must accept it in

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a backward view, its art becomes one of the few gleaming solids in the turbid flux of the age; and one falls readily into step with Mr. Pach as he traces its movement through the spartan solidity of David, the classic line of Ingres, watches it burst into a fever of energy with Delacroix and then follows the series of swift attacks, with Cézanne on one flank and Odilon Redon on the other, which led into the disciplined tumult of today—out of which the word Cubism singles a dominant aspect.

At intervals of twenty years Mr. Pach sees a fresh master appearing: his followers quickly occupy the territory he opens up; then there is a lull, and a new master comes forward. Mr. Pach's discussion on "After Impressionism," "Cubism" and "To-day" is the most intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of the late moderns that I have met; and since the remarks that are dropped at current exhibitions show that there are a hundred people still bewildered by the best art of our own time, to twenty who profess sympathy, and five perhaps who have any real understanding, I must cordially recommend The Masters of Modern Art to these people, if for nothing else than the concluding chapters. Mr. Pach has reinforced his own essay with an admirable bibliography, with thirty-six excellent half-tones, and a section of commentary on these reproductions; and to cap it all he has generously included an original etching by himself of Barye's Theseus and the Centaur. In short, this volume is all that a book on art should be; for it adds its own worth to the treasures it portrays.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Two Essays in Actual Government

Politics: The Citizen's Business, by William Allen White. New York: The MacMillan Company. $2.00.

Personality in Politics, by William Bennett Munro. New York: The MacMillan Company. $1.50.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE threatened to write a badly needed book—an account of the real government of the United States. With proper genuflections to respected thinkers, that government is composed not of "interests," but of professional whip-crackers and twisters of the thumbscrew of whom Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler may serve as a type, though he is by far the most powerful of the lot. These gentlemen and ladies nominally represent, and in practise usually dominate, organizations which Mr. Wheeler has called "pressure groups," and the government we actually get is the residuum of their assorted demands. These demands are discordant and often conflicting, which is the only reason that life in America remains tolerable. If ever a genius arises who can unite these oligarchies of limited scope but dominant power, he will make the machines of Mussolini and the late Lenin look as feebly innocuous as the English-Speaking Union.

Mr. White understands this, but unfortunately after he had written an introductory chapter about the pressure groups his campaign for the governorship or some other immediate exigency left him no time to finish, so he filled out his book with a rewrite of his newspaper articles during the conventions of last summer. They were good reporting at the time, but now they are too old for news and too recent for history. Such value as the general introduction might have had was seriously affected, for this reviewer, within the first three pages. Mr. White devotes these to an account of pristine America and an exegesis of the state of mind of the founding fathers which has no warrant whatever in history, or in anything else but Mr. White's need of a starting-point for a chapter which should be a starting-point for a book. The news stories amounting to only some 130 book pages, the volume is padded with appendices—the major acts and documents of the Republican and Democratic conventions. To suppose that anybody would reread these dreary platforms and nominating speeches is perhaps the supreme act of faith of even Mr. White's religious history.

Professor Munro's little volume contains three lectures delivered at the University of North Carolina on the reformer, the boss, and the political leader. Everything in them is true, and useful for young men in college; but it is not particularly exciting nor does it get us much further. The author suggests that the pressing need of the time is the reform of reform organizations, but he seems to interpret this desirable reform as a sort of co-ordination and alliance—which, as suggested above, would be the end of liberty in the United States. Yet his account of the methods by which bosses maintain their hold might suggest a useful line of research for somebody who had the time for it. The typical boss holds his power not only by giving his supporters special favors—that is, by enabling part of the people, a cohesive minority based on interest, to profit at the expense of all the people—but by giving them special immunities.

Now obviously the more laws, the more chance for special and profitable immunities to the favored group. This system has reached perfection in an extremely powerful and durable ecclesiastical organization, which can furnish fruitful inspiration to the practical politician. Fortunately for the practical politician, too, the tendency of the time is toward more and more laws. Before long almost everything that any man may do will be unlawful, hence there will be unlimited opportunity for the granting of immunities to those who are in right with the right people. These indulgences may be conferred by statute, as in the exemption of labor from the anti-trust laws and of home-brewing farmers from the Volstead Act, or by the personal favor of political leaders as in the recent operations of the "Ohio gang" in Washington. This is the way in which our actual government is actually developing, and political philosophers might profitably investigate it before investigation also is prohibited by a constitutional amendment.

ELMER DAVIS.

Instead of Economics

The Economics of Taxation, by Harry Gunnison Brown. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

PROFESSOR Brown is one of the few contemporary economists who dares to be vigorously theoretical. He has the courage to reconstruct once more the artificial world of Labor, Capital and Land, only platonically related to the world of laborers with stubborn standards of living and fluctuating morale, of productive funds accumulated under all sorts of varying conditions, with all sorts of motives, of great agricultural areas planted with a population of mental and economic purposes still unexplored by the text writers. With his artificial conceptions of Labor, Capital

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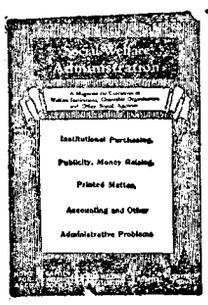

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and Land, manipulated under the assumption of the quantity theory of money, the productivity theory of distribution and the automatic workings of demand and supply, Professor Brown proceeds to an attack on the whole problem of the incidence of taxation. And the result is, on the whole, good. There is much more stimulus to thought, much more material for practical conclusions, than there would be, say, in a detailed History of Taxation in Missouri.

The classical methods employed by Professor Brown have achieved notable results in the past, and his book proves that they have not exhausted their usefulness. Their great virtue consists in the fact that they give a definite quantitative value to the concepts they manipulate, and so lend themselves to a logical accuracy of results comparable to those of mathematics. Indeed, such a book as Professor Brown's is mathematics, disguised by the fact that it uses instead of symbols fictions bearing names taken from the every day words of business, such as labor, capital, price, and employs a long spun exposition instead of economical mathematical processes. The time will come when the results of such a study as Professor Brown's will be put in ten pages of neat mathematical calculations. This will not only save time and space; it will greatly improve the quality of the work.

No man, however careful a reasoner, can hope to do accurately a complicated mathematical problem without the use of appropriate symbols. Some relevant quantitative item always manages to be overlooked. Professor Brown is an unusually careful reasoner. But he occasionally overlooks relevant items. Thus in his discussion of taxes on wages he reaches the conclusion that a tax falling on one class of workers can be shifted only to other workers, not to capitalists or landlords. An adequate mathematical apparatus would have made him see at once that the process by which the tax is shifted, the withdrawal from the taxed industry of part of the labor employed, would involve also displacement of capital and land. Whether the shifting of the tax would affect one factor in production more than the others is indeterminable, under the author's assumptions. The same flaw appears in his attempted demonstration that the cost of workingmen's compensation must come out of wages.

Moreover, a frank acknowledgment of the purely mathematical character of such a piece of work would naturally have led the author to attempt a series of approximations, to bring the mathematical conclusions into relation with practical reality. He would have been forced to take account of the fact that currency inflation cannot be treated as a simple case of disguised taxation, but has peculiar psychological effects that have a distinct bearing upon such problems as the policy of pay as you go versus borrowing in war time. He would have been forced to make a place for the effect of changes in wages on the morale and efficiency of labor, instead of confining his attention to the effect on population. He would have had to recognize the farmer as frequently a home owner, with no clear distinction in his mind between the earnings of his labor and the earnings of his land, and therefore not unlikely to confuse a land tax with an income tax.

The mathematics of taxation offers an excellent approach to the economics of taxation. Of this anyone who examines Professor Brown's book will be convinced. But the book on the economics of taxation, in spite of the title attached to Professor Brown's work, remains to be written.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

A Conversation With Wilde

Echo de Paris, by Laurence Housman. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has reconstructed from memory a conversation with Oscar Wilde in 1899. All those who have known Wilde seem to be in agreement that he was the most brilliant talker they have ever heard. Apparently the very things which tend to spoil his written prose—the facility of phrase and the looseness of thought—helped him to excel in improvisation. Yeats tells in his autobiography how Wilde once read aloud to him from the proofs of Intentions; when Wilde came to the passage about the influence of Hamlet which contained the sentence, "Why should the world be sad because a puppet is melancholy?"—Yeats stopped him and asked, "Why don't you say, "Why should the world be sad because a puppet is sad?" Wilde explained that it would never do to repeat a word in that fashion, and from that moment, Yeats says in effect, he knew that Wilde was a bad writer. But this is precisely the sort of ineptitude of taste which does not count in conversation—what is wanted in talk is not exact truth nor the sharp focus of style but ease and amusing invention—and these Wilde had to an astonishing degree. The deficiencies of his artistic conscience ministered directly to his fluency. Those who write about his conversation are usually impressed, as Mr. Housman is, by the fact that he spoke "without and hesitation or change in the choice of word;" but when one sees his words actually written on paper one understands why it gave him no trouble to choose them—so many of them are more melodious stop-gaps of felicities of alliteration. It is like Swinburne's gift for writing verse. So that such records as this of Mr. Housman and the conversation reported by Frank Harris in his biography really preserve such of what is best in Wilde. The first of the fables which Mr. Housman makes Wilde tell is as good as the best of those which he actually wrote in the Poems in Prose and the whole dialogue conveys most deftly the tone of the fin de siècle—its wit, its silliness and its charm.

E. W.

Contributors

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SAVEL ZIMAND, author of Modern Social Movements, etc., has recently returned from a trip to India and the Orient.

CLIVE BELL the English critic of literature and art, is a frequent contributor to The New Republic. He is the author of Art, Since Cezanne, etc. His most recent book, On British Freedom, was brought out last year by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LEWIS MUMFORD writes art and literary criticisms for The New Republic and other periodicals. He is the author of The Story of Utopias, and Sticks and Stones: An Interpretation of American Architecture and Civilization, which was brought out this fall by Boni and Liveright.

ELMER DAVIS, for ten years on the staff of the New York Times, has written a history of that paper. His two most recent books are Times Have Changed and I'll Show You the Town.

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